THE NATURALIST IN A BOARDING SCHOOL

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From a photograph taken at Staunton in October, 1896

The Naturalist in a Boarding School

BY

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ILLUSTRATED

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Affectionately dedicated to my three sisters, Minnie, Anna and Virginia; who shared with me many of the experiences here recorded

CONTENTS

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CHAPTER I

The Naturalist Secures a Position

The warm spring days had come at Ashland and the college boys were thinking of home and vacation after their long grind. Some would not return in the fall, and they were thinking, too, of the sterner duties of life,—particularly of work for the coming year. Among these was the Naturalist. He had decided upon teaching as a profession, at least for a time, and his last degree at Randolph-Macon was pretty well assured, so his thoughts turned naturally toward securing a teaching position without delay.

About this time, the Principal of Bowling Green Female Seminary visited the college and talked with some of his personal friends among the faculty, the result being that the Naturalist was invited to meet him at the home of the Professor of English. The brief interview was conducted in the presence of the Professor, who kindly smoothed the way. After a

little general conversation and a few questions, the Principal offered the Naturalist five hundred dollars and board for a session of nine months, which he accepted and departed for his rooms to prepare an essay on the origin of the modern novel.

The Naturalist Arrives

Leaving the train at a little station between Richmond and Fredericksburg on the Atlantic Coast Line, the Naturalist gave his trunk check to the hackman and deposited his valise and himself in the waiting hack. There were few travelers and things seemed pretty quiet, but the driver managed to consume half an hour before starting. Then came the long pull upgrade from the station to Bowling Green, the county-seat of Caroline County, splendidly situated on high, rolling ground about two miles eastward.

The houses were few and separated by large gardens. Several stores and churches stood out prominently on the two main streets, or highways running through the town. In the center was the courthouse, surrounded by a grove of trees, and opposite it across the street the big, roomy hotel, which was practically deserted except on court-days or other special occasions.

The horses stopped, panting, in front of the hotel and the driver unstrapped the Naturalist's trunk from the back of the hack and carried it in, for this was to be his home. He was to have free use of the immense living-room on the main floor, with its big stove and comfortable rocking-chairs; and the small bedroom on the floor above, where the sun first appeared in the morning; while he was to have his meals at one end of the long table in the dining room at the boarding-school.

The employment of a young, unmarried man on the teaching staff was an experiment with the Principal and he was much interested both in the initial effect and the final result. First came the introduction to the various lady members of the staff: the head of instrumental music, from Boston; the vocalist, from near Gettysburg; the artist, from Canada; and several others. Acquaintance with the students came more slowly; at the table, during leisure hours, and especially in the class-room. The Naturalist accepted the situation with confidence and hope. Fresh from a large college, he had faith in the extent and accuracy of his knowledge and in his ability to teach what seemed to him a mere handful of young women. The presence of one of his sisters in the student body was also a great help to him.

Getting to Work

Breakfast was followed by chapel exercises, and then by classes, which were run on schedule time until four or five o'clock in the afternoon; with the exception of an hour or more for dinner at the middle of the day. It is remarkable what a youth fresh from college will attempt and carry through successfully without a whimper on a very small salary. He is making a reputation—gaining experience—and nothing is for him too early or too late, too difficult or too tedious. So far as pure teaching goes, he often does the work of half a dozen university professors—and does it better. The Naturalist had completed courses at two different colleges containing a great variety of subjects, so he was given the senior classes in English, Latin, French, German, and Mathematics, as well as all the work in Physics, Chemistry, Zoology, and Botany. There were a few other subjects in his teaching curriculum, but those mentioned are sufficient to prove his audacity.

He also did his share in the social and religious work of the school; devoted his holidays to long tramps with the science pupils; and his evenings to wading through immense piles of essays, note-books, and examination papers. It must be said, however,

that his attention and energy were very rarely diverted from teaching to discipline; the girls being eager to learn and accustomed to hard and earnest work. The secret of success lay in having the right kind of pupils to begin with, and then in keeping them interested and occupied.

A Snowballing Episode

When the first snow fell, the Naturalist came merrily to school in the morning and worked happily all day long without suspecting what was hidden behind the calm and serious faces of his pupils. Late in the afternoon, he stepped from the front door of the building on his way home with an armful of books, only to be confronted with a shower of snowballs at close range from a dozen or more young amazons drawn up in a semicircular line of battle across his path. Here was occasion for quick thinking and quicker acting; the thought of surrender or retreat never occurred to him. He had the strength and training, but lacked ammunition and was hopelessly outclassed numerically.

Hastily scanning the field of battle, he discovered two points to his advantage; his rear was protected by the building and a store of ammunition was in

sight, because the enemy had been busy for the past half hour making balls and stacking them in several piles, one of which was at the corner of the porch about fifteen feet away. His first move was to capture the nearest stack of ammunition, and the second to hurl it at the enemy as swiftly as possible, which resulted in several casualties and considerable loss of morale.

After this, he contented himself with catching and returning each missile to the sender with its energy greatly increased, so that it proved a dangerous boomerang. In this way, Janie, the best girl in Mathematics, received a big bump in the middle of her forehead and Pearl, the Physics star and one of the belles of the school, got a bad black eye.

Then came the surrender, and all was forgiven and forgotten on both sides. It was probably the original intention of the girls to have a little fun at teacher's expense with every new fall of snow, but he went to and fro after this bearing a charmed life, while the girls accepted their defeat most gracefully and the episode was never adverted to afterward by either party.

CHAPTER II

Boating

The lake was three miles long and very narrow and winding, with its banks almost entirely wooded. The Naturalist often went over the course before supper in a rowboat with his sister for company. Sometimes he took the artist and vocalist, with a basket and a banjo, and then he did not return for supper. Near the upper end of the lake, there was a tolerable landing-place where a sawmill had stood. Here the boat was drawn up and a fire built; while the lengthening sunbeams intensified the brilliancy of the autumn foliage and the quiet water reflected the form of each bending tree, each floating cloud, and each sleepy crow seeking its accustomed resting-place in the pines beyond.

The fire grew brighter as the daylight faded and the noises of the night became louder and clearer with the coming of the stars. On the journey homeward, four other sounds mingled with those of Nature: the regular dip of the oars, the gurgling water, the twang of the banjo strings, and the sweet melody of a song.

Skating

Good skating weather was very rare at Bowling Green, and, when the ice got thick enough to hold, the girls usually had a holiday. During one season the lake was frozen over for several weeks and everybody had a world of fun. The Naturalist spent days upon the ice, assisting the weak-kneed, encouraging the timid, and rescuing the fallen. He also found time to stretch his legs from one end of the lake to the other, in company with his young men friends. Lunch was rarely eaten where it was served, but a sandwich at a time while "on the wing" and back for more. A huge fire on the bank surrounded by logs for seats attracted and usually held those who came for observation only.

Biology Excursions

These were very popular. The weekly holiday came on Monday, and, if fair and seasonable, it was quite certain to be utilized by the entire biology class for an all-day excursion to some good collecting ground within walking distance of the school. The class proceeded in a body and took note of everything of special interest, whether mineral, vegetable,

or animal. A fire was always built at lunch time in some cosy spot and the girls made a pretty picture as they gathered about it, preparing and enjoying the generous lunch.

These excursions were more of the nature of walks and talks, with interesting observations, than definite collecting trips for botanical or zoological material. In other words, the fields and woods were used as both laboratory and museum, with the advantage of actual life and a natural setting. Nature was studied and loved both as a whole and as made up of infinite details, all of which were beautiful and wonderful.

Serenading

Music and moonlight always appealed to the Naturalist; so he hunted up three other young men in the town who felt the same way and formed a troop of troubadours. They visited the homes of friends and sang beneath their windows the old songs of the South and of the war, accompanying them on banjos and guitars. One of their favorites was:

"Just before the battle, Mother,
I am thinking most of you;
While upon the field I'm lying,
With the enemy in view."

These songs never failed to bring a response of some kind, and many happy hours were spent in this way, especially during the months of April and May.

The Quartet

The vocal teacher also organized a quartet, of which the Naturalist was a member, to undertake more difficult music for use in entertainments and on social occasions. The first selection attempted was:

> "The Night has a thousand eyes,
> The Day but one,
> And the light of the whole day dies
> With the set of sun."

This organization did not bring the same returns, however, as the other and was soon discontinued.

Senator Daniel

Senator John W. Daniel made a political speech at the courthouse one day to a large audience. Before the speech, he had a lunch at the hotel and the Naturalist was invited to eat with him. His entire lunch consisted of three large cups of strong, black coffee. In the late afternoon, he took tea with the faculty at the school, when he allowed himself more

latitude. The Senator was a remarkably gifted man, and one of the most brilliant orators the country has produced.

A Chum Comes Visiting

Mr. Andrew Sled arrived from Randolph-Macon on the early stage one Monday morning. He was the Naturalist's special chum at college and came on a mission of a secret and delicate nature; but that did not prevent a good, long talk about old times and the happenings of recent months after they were separated. His visit was peculiarly comforting because of a feeling of isolation induced by the novelty of the Naturalist's position and the lack of an appreciative and sympathetic masculine friend. It is not advice that one needs in such a position, but the opportunity to talk with one who understands and feels. The very presence of a true friend gives inspiration and courage for the struggle, and the good effects linger long after the friend is gone.

Night-blooming Cereus

An invitation from the Postmaster brought quite a party together at his home to witness the opening of thirteen beautiful cactus flowers. He was, of course, exceedingly nervous at first lest he might

have miscalculated the time, but, as the buds swelled and it became evident that the expected was really going to happen, his face became wreathed in a perpetual smile and he spent the remainder of the evening going from one guest to another congratulating himself. The entertainment was a great success; not only did the flowers do their share, but the table was loaded with delicacies and everyone was in a merry mood, which lasted until the small hours of the morning.

Thomas Nelson Page

A charitable wave struck the town hard, and for weeks the people did nothing but prepare for a monster benefit performance in which all the local talent had a part. The Naturalist could not have escaped if he had wished to do so. Rehearsals were the order of the day, and new stars were discovered over night; the histrionic talent was found to be universal. May, the best Latin scholar, was finally selected for the star rôle and the Naturalist was to be her father. What pleased him most, however, was not this brief notoriety, but the privilege of meeting and talking with Thomas Nelson Page, who had come up from Richmond to make the principal address.

CHAPTER III

The Sketching Class

The Naturalist often went out with the young artists in the afternoon to keep the cows away, and he sometimes whiled away the time with a pencil and sketch block. The haunted house to the south of the village, with its splendid approach and its hidden stairways, was very attractive to him and he steered the class in that direction as frequently as he dared. The lake also made a pretty picture, especially in the autumn. Nellie was considered the best artist.

Prisoners' Base

This game was introduced by the Naturalist because he himself liked it, and it became so popular as to practically annihilate all other field sports for a time. Amy and Victoria were the champion runners; it was against the rule to have them both on the same side. Even the Principal was tempted to indulge in this sport, for he was a very fair runner and a good dodger. When he played, the Naturalist opposed him. Shades of red cheeks and streaming hair

and dancing eyes and broken shoestrings—prisoners' base does beat all the games!

The Runaway

One of Nettie's special friends kept a saddle-horse that had been a racer and he very kindly offered it to the Naturalist to exercise while he was away. The trial trip came after a spell of wet weather,—and there was not even a stiff bit handy. When maximum speed had been reached and the ride had attained all the proportions of a full-fledged race, a curve in the road appeared and then the saddle girth broke!

Without bit, without stirrup, without the secret word of command, without even the horse's name, the misguided rider clung helplessly to his mount in imminent peril of being flung into the top of any one of the young trees that bordered the highway. In the midst of the sublime, he thought of the ridiculous. He remembered when his youngest brother was proudly riding a pet calf through the orchard, when all of a sudden the calf made for an opening in the wire fence which would most certainly not admit both the calf and its rather overgrown rider. It was then that the proud look was humbled and con-

sternation spread over the face of his brother, who realized that his case was hopeless.

After the horse had finished his little run, he became as docile as a lamb, and trotted back to his stable as calmly as a blind wheel-horse. And the Naturalist followed his example.

An April Fool Party

One of the day pupils, of which there was quite a number at the school, gave a party at her home on the evening of the first of April, and many of the young people of the town were present. The party began with vocal and instrumental music and ended with games and refreshments. Tricks of various kinds were prominently featured, so that the guests became more and more suspicious. Even the innocent looking chocolate drops were found to contain quinine and the cake was full of cotton. The Naturalist never forgot the delicate attention shown him by the hostess, who offered him expurgated dainties from her own hand, accompanied by a kindly and knowing wink.

The Mother Goose Party

The Judge lived in a big house at the northern end of the village near the road to the lake. His daughter

was a good manager: she even managed the Judge. The young folks met there one evening for a good, sociable time, and a prize was offered to the one who could repeat from memory the largest number of Mother Goose rhymes. Strange to say, the Judge's daughter won the prize. But she was a sweet, lovable girl and no one wished to take it from her.

The Major's Wife

The Major was a tall, dignified, placid man; while his wife was auburn-haired, vivacious, and quick at repartee. The two daughters were well known at school, the younger one resembling her father and the older one being the very image of her mother. It was only natural that a quarrel with the older daughter should reach the mother without much delay, and this was where young Mr. H—— made his mistake. After that, no matter what he did was frowned upon by the Major's wife, who flaunted his name across every threshold in town. The young man was quite athletic and proud of his jumps, so he essayed one day to jump the barbed-wire fence into the Major's yard when he was sure the Major's wife was looking. The start was fair and the prospect good, but a projecting wire caught him by the

seat of the trousers as he was gracefully descending into the yard and rendered him seatless. This brought out the Major's wife in high glee and she laughed and gossiped about the incident for the next six months. She was so overcome with joy that she actually agreed to mend the young fellow's trousers when he had the effrontery to request it.

A Trip to Washington

During the Easter holidays, about thirty of the pupils and teachers went to Washington to see the sights and to hear Paderewski. They located at the old Howard House, on the Avenue, within easy reach of all the public buildings, which they examined pretty thoroughly during their stay. No man from Cook's was ever more active than the Naturalist. Morning, afternoon, and night, he was on the go with his party, which was welcomed everywhere and given many privileges.

When they visited the White House on one of the President's receiving days, they were awed and much discouraged by the long line ahead of them until a courier came for the "Special Delegation to see the President" and escorted them past the waiting hosts to the very head of the column. Cleveland received

them first of all and shook hands with each one very graciously as the Naturalist introduced her.

Paderewski was in Washington as soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra, led by the youthful Frank Damrosch. This was a great treat for the girls and stimulated the musicians among them to renewed energy. They also heard Paderewski give a piano recital alone at Thomas Circle the next afternoon, where they got the full benefit of his powerful left hand and his expressive head.

The Washington trip was such a decided success that it was adopted as a regular part of the school program during the years that followed.

Farewell to Bowling Green

In the spring of 1893, the Naturalist received a letter from the President of the Wesleyan Female Institute, at Staunton, Virginia, offering him a position there at a somewhat increased salary; and at the same time a communication from the President of Randolph-Macon urging him to accept. So he severed the ties that bound him to Bowling Green and established his home for several years in the far-famed Valley of Virginia.

He carried with him a handsome set of Shakespeare's works, a present from his Sunday School Class which he prized very much; as well as many happy, never-to-be-forgotten memories and a consciousness of having succeeded to some extent in his attempt to teach. There were many friends to bid him Goodbye, and not an enemy in sight, so far as he knew.

CHAPTER IV

Getting Settled at Staunton

Staunton, like Rome, is a city of several hills, and one of these was crowned with the conspicuous brick buildings of the Wesleyan Female Institute, surrounded by a spacious yard and garden and a high board fence. The class-rooms and large diningroom were on the ground floor, while the chapel, reception rooms, and living rooms were on the floors above. At the very extremity of the western wing, fenced off by the aged guardian of health and linen, dwelt the Naturalist.

His wants were small, and so was his room; but he had a little den adjoining where he kept his books, and anything more would have been superfluous. His classrooms consisted of a well-equipped lecture room, a chemical laboratory, and a large biological laboratory.

Preliminary Work

The President was new and he asked the Naturalist to spend part of the summer with him to assist in

selecting teachers, planning courses, and getting out announcements for the coming year. In return for this assistance, he was sent to Missouri and Arkansas in an effort to secure pupils, and permitted to visit the World's Fair at Chicago after his work was done.

This was a wonderful opportunity and very much appreciated. Nothing could have given him a better insight into the best that the world offered than those busy days spent in the famous White City on the shore of Lake Michigan. Thomas was there at the time with an orchestra of over a hundred pieces and Maud Powell was just beginning her career as a violin soloist. During his visit, Virginia Day was celebrated, with the silver-tongued Daniel to sing the praises of the Old Dominion in the greatest speech of his life.

The story of America was given in the great Auditorium, while the world's progress in mechanical inventions, art, horticulture, and various other sciences and industries, was shown in immense buildings filled with wonderful exhibits. The Naturalist enjoyed an entire day at the Fair with the brother of the famous artist, Moran, whose paintings of the Grand Cañon are so well known; and he was accompanied by his daughters, Virginia and Anna, who made a charming addition to the party.

The Institutions in Staunton

The Presbyterian school for girls, conducted b Miss Baldwin, was of high grade and justly famou President Wilson was born there.

The widow of General "Jeb" Stuart, Lee's dasl ing cavalry leader, headed a school for Episcop girls; and there were also Baptist, Lutheran, an Methodist schools, the last being the Wesleya Female Institute.

In addition to the High School, Captain Kable Military Academy was available for the brothers an cousins of girls attending the various schools mer tioned. There was also a military academy a Waynesboro, twelve miles away.

The Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institute was in th eastern edge of the town, opposite the splendid hom of Henry St. George Tucker. The deaf-mutes wer exceedingly fond of baseball; and made little nois but all kinds of signs.

The institution with the largest attendance was th State Insane Asylum, located in the southern edge c town at the foot of Betsy Bell. Cooking was don there on an enormous scale. Many patients re quired attendants, and these added to the number

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WOODROW WILSON

The father of President Wilson preached in the First Presbyterian Church; now the Chapel of the Mary Baldwin Seminary, established in 1842.

This was a most interesting place for the study of Psychology. Insane persons are often like a musical instrument with a single key out of order; they are all right in most things, but strike a chord containing that note and off they go. One woman there, who was very large, believed that she could go through a keyhole, and she often tried it with disastrous results. Another was always looking under her bed: she might be sitting on a rustic seat in the yard, but every few minutes she would get down on her knees and very solemnly examine the ground beneath her.

The Captain was a man of much learning and delivered brilliant addresses to the crowds who gathered about him in the Asylum grounds; but the Naturalist frequently met him on the slopes of Betsy Bell, with rag sashes at his waist and knees and a stick for a sword, posting and challenging his "sentries" in stentorian tones.

A man had been in an asylum for a number of years, when the doctor came to him one day and said, "Now, sit down and write a letter to your people and tell them you are well and will start home tomorrow." When he had finished the letter according to the doctor's directions and had wet the stamp to put it on the envelope, it slipped from his hand and landed on a bug crawling along the floor. The man looked on bewildered while the stamp slowly crossed the floor and climbed the op-

posite wall, then he tore up the letter and said aloud to himself, "Tain't no use; I'm worse off than ever!"

Betsy Bell and Mary Gray

These were not two popular pupils, but small, conical mountains, little more than hills, standing together like sentinels just south of Staunton in the middle of the great Valley of the Shenandoah. If they had been in Mexico, their volcanic origin would have passed unchallenged; but they had nothing to do with eruptions. They were simple masses of chert that remained in this form after the softer limestone had been dissolved and worn away: the handiwork of water—not of fire. It relieved the monotony to have mountains so near, even if they were small, and many a pleasant journey was made to the top of them and beyond.

Study Period

Soon after supper, the girls would be seen drifting in to the study hall by twos and threes from various directions, dressed as negligently as allowable and carrying an alarm clock in one hand and a pile of books in the other. The clock was intended to prevent them from devoting too much time to one sub-

ject, and also from remaining a single minute over the regulation two-hour period. Occasionally, when an unpopular teacher was on the throne, it was used for less laudable purposes. The Naturalist really knew very little about what happened in study hall, since he was not called upon to take charge of it, and he cared still less as long as his pupils knew their lessons;—which was almost invariably the case. A short season of liberty was allowed between study period and bedtime, and this gave the hall monitors more trouble than all the rest of the day together. At ten, following the good example of Wesley, lights were ordered out, but this did not mean that all the fun was necessarily over. The teachers would have had to have eyes like cats or owls and ears like jack rabbits to find out what went on after that.

CHAPTER V

The Naturalist's Neighbors

These changed each year, and shifts were sometimes made during the session for various reasons. The list given below is simply a sample taken on a definite date. The Naturalist, however, always held to No. 49, with Miss Johanna next door in No. 51.

Room 50.....	Anna Murrill May Rardin
Room 52.....	Willie Sterett Maggie Sterett
Room 53.....	Ethel Burgess Jennie Canter
Room 54.....	Lucie Durrett Mattie Hughes
Room 58.....	Elton Jennings Fannie Jennings
Room 59.....	Nellie Irvine Eva Kinzer Bessie Bowman
Room 57.....	Miss Johns

Room 26.....	Miss Harrison Estelle Talbott Florida Johnston
Room 6.....	Miss Waugh
Room 43.....	Miss Grizzard
Room 23.....	Gertrude Jones Grace Sweetwood
Room 22.....	Clara McCormick Willie Bell
Room 21.....	Miss Stricklette Florence Troutman
Room 20.....	Annie Fishburne Mable Lynch
Room 18.....	Nancy Arnold Mary Miller
Room 17.....	Nina Messerly Lillian McDonald
Room 16.....	Irva Sasscer Nellie Linden
Room 15.....	Lillian Scales Mamie Slaughter
Room 14.....	Oula Allen Annie Allen
Room 13.....	Ella Woodroof Leonora Woodroof

Room 8.....	Bertha Tucker Madge Devine
Room 1.....	Miss Carman
Room 2.....	Miss Carley
Room 76.....	Maggie Averill
Room 75.....	Miss Dolly
Room 77.....	Mollie Smith Laura Maxwell
Room 78.....	Jattie Wood Arrena Carroll
Room 42.....	Ethel Wheeler Bessie Butt
Room 36.....	Mamie Robinson Susie Wills
Room 37.....	Mamie Martin
Room 38.....	Merle Lambert Annie Myers
Room 46.....	Blanche Huddleston Bessie Huddleston
Room 47.....	Dora Grubb Rhetta Janney
Room 45.....	Minnie Trenis Bertha Kincheloe
Room 44.....	Mamie Chappelear Mattie Chappelear

Mr. and Mrs. Hamill

Mr. and Mrs. Hamill were perfect examples of what they ought to be—sterling, able, efficient, charitable, generous, and jolly. Everybody liked them and looked up to them. If a teacher or pupil needed advice, or sympathy, or help, she knew where to get it. Such people are not made in a score of years or in a century, but are the product of many successive generations, all putting forth their best efforts and reaching out toward the highest ideals.

Miss Smithey

Miss Smithey was as high-minded and efficient as she was tall and straight—just like her brother who taught Mathematics at Randolph-Macon. Teaching this subject in a girls' school is no easy job, and Miss Smithey probably did it as well as it could have been done. One must have a heart as well as brains to do it properly, and a little smelling salts on the side would often come in handy.

Miss Dolly and Miss Grizzard

Miss Dolly was soft and sweet and caressing, with plenty of fun and charming dimples. Miss Grizzard,

more direct and decided in manner, was her constant companion; and the Naturalist often accompanied them on their excursions—to keep them from quarreling.

CHAPTER VI

The Science Equipment

The lecture-room used by the Naturalist was at one corner of the building with windows on two sides, which could be darkened when experiments with light and electricity required it. The large desk designed by the Naturalist for demonstrations filled one side of the room and contained many drawers and cupboards for apparatus, a tank for working with gases, and plenty of top space for the experiments, which had to be set up the night before.

Adjoining the lecture-room, was the laboratory with individual desks and equipment used by the students in chemistry and physics; while the biological laboratory was in a nearby building that provided plenty of space for growing plants, collections of various kinds, and the dissection of plants and animals.

The astronomical laboratory was the roof of the main building, where night after night the heavens were scanned and the stars traced on maps. The geological laboratory covered many square miles in

extent and was unusually well supplied with specimens. Charlottesville, too, was not very far away, with ts splendid museum and magnificient telescope.

After all, the lectures, demonstrations, recitations, examinations, and laboratory exercises were simply preparatory to the regular field excursions, which were a predominate feature of all the science work. The real object was to learn facts—not words—and nature—not books.

The Sugar Mill

At the foot of the hill, to the south, between the little stream and the railway, stood the beet-sugar mill, which had the habit of going up in smoke every few years. This mill was made up of many parts, containing complicated machinery adapted to the intricate physical and chemical processes involved in the extraction of sugar from sugar beets. It is not surprising that the Naturalist made frequent use of this readily accessible and valuable plant in demonstrating to his classes in physics and chemistry the application of the principles they were studying. And what American girl is not fond of sugar in any form! Americans consume at least one-fourth of all the sugar made, which is far more than their share.

The girls on their tramps about Staunton had seen large fields of sugar beets, planted at different times so as to prolong the season as much as possible. The beets were pulled and topped in the fields and brought on wagons or railway cars to the mill, where they were thoroughly washed, cut into thin slices, and treated with hot water to get out the sugar. On adding milk of lime to this sugary solution and heating it, the impurities were mostly coagulated and precipitated. Carbon dioxid gas was then passed through to prevent the loss of sugar through combination with the lime; and, after filtering, sulphur dioxid gas was added to remove other impurities and to bleach the juice to a light-yellow color. Vacuum pans were employed for the evaporation processes and centrifugal machines for the separation of the sugar crystals from the mother liquid, or molasses, which did not crystallize.

The manufacture of white sugar was not attempted, this work being usually left to the sugar refineries, where the impurities were further removed by means of animal charcoal and repeated crystallization.

Excursions by the Physics Class

The artificial ice plant was of much interest to the members of the class in physics when they were

studying the effect of evaporation on temperature. Here they saw the system of pipes through which the ammonia circulated and the molds in which the ice was formed because of its evaporation. After expansion, the ammonia was pumped back and condensed and used over and over again. The water used in the molds was the purest to be obtained, either by filtration or distillation, because germs of disease are very readily introduced into the human body through impure ice.

Another place of exceeding interest was the electric light plant, where electromagnets and coils and brushes were seen in operation on a large scale with brilliant results. A girl was simply ashamed not to know her physics lesson after standing by an active dynamo for half an hour. There was something awe-inspiring about it, too, as though that wonderful, silent force that worked such wonders might suddenly leap forth from the machine and become an avenging spirit.

The pumping station at the Park, where the mighty pistons went slowly and continually up and down, driving the water to the reservoir on the hill, reminded one more of Vulcan working ponderously at his lonely forge or Atlas sustaining year after year

the weight of the world upon his massive shoulders. It was more mass than velocity—more ampères than volts—more brawn than brain.

Electric cars were put on the streets of Staunton about that time and the citizens gathered by hundreds to watch them climb the hills without stopping and having the wheels "scotched" every few rods.

The next sensation was the advent of Mrs. Henry St. George Tucker, young and beautiful, on a wheel that cost one hundred and fifty dollars. Bicycles were just coming into style then, and Mrs. Tucker caused more excitement than if she rode in today on a dozen aeroplanes.

Many years later, the Naturalist was approaching Staunton from the same direction on the famous old "Valley Pike" in a big white Packard machine, when he met an exhorter driving slowly along in a small buggy. The horse, which seemed not too well fed and a bit nervous, stopped short on seeing the machine and began to back toward a steep bank at one side of the road, while the driver used every means to quiet him and prevent the impending calamity. Just at the climax of the excitement, when the wheels were about to go over the brink and the exhorter's nerves were keyed up to the highest pitch, he looked

behind him and saw, painted in large white letters on a rock, "Prepare Now To Meet Thy God!"

Richardson reports in his "Industrial Problems", that the School Board of Lancaster, Ohio, in 1828, made the following reply to a body of promoters:

"You are welcome to use the school to debate all proper questions, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam, He would clearly have foretold it through His holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to Hell."

Note the contrast in the following words from Archdeacon Farrar:

"In the achievements of science there is not only beauty and wonder, but also beneficence and power. It is not only that she has revealed to us infinite space crowded with unnumbered worlds; infinite time peopled by unnumbered existences; infinite organisms hitherto invisible but full of delicate and iridescent loveliness; but also that she has been, as a great Archangel to Mercy, devoting herself to the service of man. She has labored, her votaries have labored, not to increase the power of despots or add to the magnificence of courts, but to extend human happiness, to economize human effort, to extinguish human pain. Where of old, men toiled, half

blinded and half naked in the mouth of the glowing furnace to mix the white-hot iron, she now substitutes the mechanical action of the viewless air. She has enlisted the sunbeam in her service to limn for us, with absolute fidelity, the faces of the friends we love. She has shown the poor miner how he may work in safety, even amid the explosive fire-damp of the mine. She has, by her anaesthetics, enabled the sufferer to be hushed and unconscious while the delicate hand of some skilled operator cuts a fragment from the nervous circle of the unquivering eye. She points not to pyramids, built during weary centuries by the sweat of miserable nations, but to the lighthouse, and the steamship, to the railroad and the telegraph. She has restored eyes to the blind and hearing to the deaf. She has lengthened life, she has minimized danger, she has controlled madness, she has trampled on disease. And on all these grounds, I think that none of our sons should grow up wholly ignorant of studies which at once train the reason and fire the imagination, which fashion as well as forge, which can feed as well as fill, the mind."

A Day at Weyer's Cave

A jolly crowd of teachers and girls, some in four-horse coaches, some in surreys, and some in simple little buggies, started off early one fine autumn morning to spend the day at Weyer's Cave. The Naturalist had in charge a bunch of his best science

pupils, who expected to see all sorts of interesting things, and they were certainly not disappointed.

The first observation was a mule standing by a haystack. The Naturalist recited the tale oft repeated in psychology books about the hypothetical donkey that starved to death when placed exactly midway between two stacks of hay equally large and attractive, because he could not make up his mind which one to attack. Of course, no farmer's girl would believe it. Then Nancy wanted to know how a donkey would get out of a pen made of strong fence rails that he could neither jump over nor break through. "Give it up," said the Naturalist. "So did the other donkey," replied Nancy.

As the journey continued, all sorts of natural phenomena, both animate and inanimate, attracted attention and caused comment; until finally the conversation turned to caves. Girls who knew their history well recalled famous caverns used as temples, hiding places, abodes of nymphs, and vaults for the burial of the dead. The class in geology responded with startling stories of prehistoric men and gigantic animals, whose remains were found together in the caves of Europe and elsewhere, preserved in a state of great perfection under layers of encrusting lime-

stone. The girls in chemistry undertook to explain how caves and their stalactites and stalagmites were formed, but they broke down when about halfway through and appealed to the Naturalist for help. He replied that he would explain it all when they got inside, where they could see what he was talking about.

In 1804, Bernard Weyer was digging out a ground-hog that had been stealing his chickens, when he discovered the entrance to this famous series of underground chambers, now known as the Grottoes of the Shenandoah. The rooms are dry and cool and remarkable for their artistic decorations.

The girls gazed in wonder at the stucco and fret-work of the ceilings, the carvings on the walls, and the images on the floors; all so marvellously modeled, as no human hand could ever have done it, and glittering with innumerable jewels. They then passed from chamber to chamber, viewing the beautiful draperies, the sentinel-like figures, the cataracts in stone, the fluted stone curtains, the Pipe Organ in the Chapel, the Ball Room with its immense bass drum, the crystal spring in the Senate Chamber, the mammoth sunflower in the Cathedral, the wonderful veil in the Bridal Chamber, and the Tower of Babel in Jackson's Hall.

CHAPTER VII

Clouds

Clouds are usually considered anything but a blessing, until the earth is parched and vegetation scorched, when we eagerly scan the sky for rain. There is a region where for six months at a time the sun shines every day. To the visitor from northern climes, it seems a radiant land and he wishes it might be radiant forever. But after his skin has become hardened and wrinkled by the dryness and his eyes strained and narrowed by the glare, he prays for a cloud even as big as a man's hand to shield him from the burning sun.

The farmer observes the clouds more than the average man because they may mean meat as well as drink to him, but he could not fully appreciate "The Cloud" of Shelley. He sees the gray-mare's-tails, the mackerel sky, the sun drawing water, the ring around the moon, the threatening sunset, clouds that are blown up with wind or greenish-streaked with hail, clouds that drop rain as gently as dew or pour it down in floods, and clouds that throw a

blanket over the world on a chilly night and save his crops from frost.

The artist or poet looks at the subject somewhat differently. To him,

> "The clouds are at play in the azure space
> And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
> And here they bend to the frolic chase
> And there they roll on the easy gale."

He sees the fleecy clouds and clouds that scud across the sky, or lonely clouds that sail majestically by like stately ships; clouds that boil up in threatening thunder-heads or vibrate with summer lightning on the distant horizon after dark; clouds that form the crimson-tinted gates of the morning or the variegated curtains drawn across the evening sky to hide the sleeping sun; clouds with silver linings and rainbow hues or clouds that have all the solemnity and dark magnificence of a far-flung battle front.

To the purely scientific man, clouds are nothing more than the fog that forms in front of a tea-kettle spout when the hot, invisible steam reaches the cooler surrounding air and condenses to rain-dust. The vapor of water is continually rising unseen from the surface of the earth to the cooler and rarefied regions of the upper air, where by expansion it rapidly cools

off and condenses into clouds. The scientist sees the cloud-banners flung from snow-capped mountains or stands on a mountain peak bathed in sunlight while the clouds below him empty themselves in rain; he watches the forked lightning dart from cloud to cloud and hears the thunder reverberate among the distant hills. But all this is understood; it is no longer Jupiter hurling thunderbolts forged by Vulcan under Mt. Etna; the giant forces of nature are at work and man has learned to master them.

There is still another way of viewing clouds. The moralist sees the light of life obscured by sorrow and he thinks of the sun hidden by clouds to which it gives a silver lining. He sees sorrows softening and renewing the heart as the rain freshens and fructifies the earth. He sees the dark cloud fling out a rainbow of hope to the suffering and discouraged soul, whom the storms of life have almost engulfed in despair.

The Glad Girl and the Sad Girl

Rosa came bounding along the hall, humming a merry tune, and ran into Laura, dragging a pair of unwilling feet in the direction of the mathematics room.

"Hello, Laura, I almost bumped into you. How are you feeling this morning?"

"Not very well. I slept badly last night and woke up with a headache; then the rolls were nothing but dough and I couldn't eat any breakfast; and now I am going to class without knowing my algebra lesson."

"That's too bad. Couldn't I help you a little with your algebra?"

"It's no use, I would be certain to get a question I didn't know, just the same."

"That sounds like fatalism. At least, you needn't cross the bridge before you come to it."

"I *am* a fatalist; I believe some people were born to be happy and others to be miserable. As to crossing bridges, if I didn't get used to my sufferings in advance, they would be certain to kill me."

"You need a mind doctor. I'm going to see the Naturalist about you. Goodbye."

Away she went with her radiant face and merry tune, leaving Laura more dejected than ever. Later in the day, she met the Naturalist and got a prescription from him for such cases; the doses to be taken with lemon juice and water every morning for a week, and repeated if necessary.

Medicine for Laura

"My mind is myself. To take care of myself is to take care of my mind."

Plato

"It is a great calamity to have a mind anxious about things to come."

Seneca

"He grieves more than is necessary, who grieves before it is necessary."

Seneca

"If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault; for God made all men to be happy."

Epictetus

"Most men spend much of their lives in making the rest miserable."

Bruyere

"And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down on his little handful of thorns."

Jeremy Taylor

"Some murmur, when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue,

And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night."

Trench

The University of Virginia

The Naturalist frequently utilized his spare Mondays during the winter, when there was little opportunity to collect, by going over to Charlottesville and attending lectures at the University. Professor Mallett was, perhaps, the greatest theoretical chemist in the country and his lectures on the Atomic Theory were very fascinating.

The Atomic Theory deals with "atoms," a term long applied to particles of matter supposed to be indivisible, the smallest of which measure about one-three-hundred-millionth of an inch. It has been discovered rather recently that the "indivisible" atom really consists of much smaller particles, called "electrons," measuring about one-one-hundred-thousandth of the diameter of the atom, rapidly revolving around a center, or nucleus, charged with positive electricity. The electrons either consist of, or carry, charges of negative electricity. The old question of the relation of matter and energy thus

assumes a new aspect. It looks as though matter might be, after all, only a form of energy.

The Medical department of the University was very famous, and here the Naturalist spent most of his time, hearing lectures, watching demonstrations, and helping the students work on the "stiffs" in various stages of dissection. The bodies of some notorious murderers were sent there for examination, and it seemed very fitting that they should contribute to prolonging or saving human life in return for the lives they had destroyed.

Through a friend on the teaching staff, he secured parts of a human skeleton, which he supplemented by borrowing from one of the local physicians. When he lectured on the benefit of exercise, he secured an excellent skeleton of a woman's foot for demonstration, which was perfect, even to the "warts" on the little toes.

The Museum of Zoology was a source of much inspiration to the Naturalist and his classes in Zoology and Geology; while the wonderful McCormick Observatory with its giant telescope, which opened up myriads of new worlds to the eye and the imagination, left nothing even to hope for in a scientific way. The midnight hours spent with his Astronomy pupils beside the telescope on the hill west of Charlottesville could never be forgotten.

To Marry or Not to Marry

All girls are divided into two kinds, marrying and non-marrying. Belle was a healthy, normal girl with rosy cheeks and laughing eyes belonging to the first class; while Nelle, of the second class, was pale and thin with lips tightly drawn and eyes that were cold.

"How lucky to find you, Nelle; I need help with this geometry problem!"

"No wonder. Why did you let John stay so late last night?"

"I just couldn't help it; he is so persistent."

"If I were in your place, Belle, I'd allow him just thirty minutes. I don't believe in all this foolishness."

"You are pretty hard on John. You know, he is worth more to me than all the mathematics in the world."

"Perhaps you think so now, but some time you'll regret it."

"No, I won't. Nothing could make me happier than to have a little home of my own with nobody but John. I'd give up the greatest career on earth for just that."

"How about a lot of dirty, squalling young ones?"

"Well, I haven't got quite that far yet, but every woman, I suppose, needs a few children to fuss over to make her happiness complete."

"A sad case. Here you are with money and brains and every opportunity to amount to something, and you throw all your chances away for a man. How can we expect woman to take her lawful place in the world if she acts that way!"

"But, what is her lawful place if not in a home of her own making, with a loving husband and precious children about her? Not all the wisdom of the ages—nor all the careers of christendom—could bring into being one little helpless child."

* * * * *

Two years after the above conversation, Belle received a letter from Nelle containing the following significant paragraph:

"Jim arrived last night—the darling! I always told you I expected to marry if I found the right man."

CHAPTER VIII

Astronomy

The sky lies very close about us when we are children; our horizon is indeed very limited. By traveling over the earth's surface we can extend our horizon laterally, but only by the study of astronomy can we see beyond the blue dome of our prison-house to the innumerable heavenly bodies that occupy the realms of space.

Astronomy is the oldest of the natural sciences. Such simple phenomena as the rising and setting of the sun, the variation in the shape of the moon, the wandering of the planets among the stars, and the changes of the seasons must have caused the wisest men of old to wonder and ponder; while a total eclipse or a meteoric shower was enough to frighten the bravest of them almost out of their senses.

The ancients believed that all human affairs were controlled by the stars, and astrologers scanned the heavens continually for signs and prophecies of coming events; so that the science of astronomy was really advanced to a considerable extent by astrology.

About 600 B. C., Thales discovered the equinoxes and solstices; while Anaximander, another wise man of Greece, invented the sun-dial and worked out the reason for the phases of the moon. A little later, Pythagoras asserted that the earth is not fixed, but moves in the heavens, and that the evening and morning star are the same planet, then called Phosphorus instead of Venus.

Anaxagorus noticed the mountains and valleys in the moon and thought it was inhabited. He discovered that an eclipse of the sun was caused by the moon coming between the earth and the sun; and he also learned that the planets, of which he knew five, moved through the heavens, while the stars seemed to be fixed.

Eudoxus, born about 400 B. C., made a map of all the stars then known; while Democritus, famous for his theory of creation by means of "dancing atoms," guessed that the Milky Way was composed of millions of stars so small that the eye could not distinguish them. [If those old philosophers had only possessed a pair of opera glasses!] Shortly after this, Aristotle gathered together the facts that were known about astronomy and was able to assert that the earth was not flat, but round.

Passing over the Dark Ages, and Copernicus, and Tycho Brahe, we arrive at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Galileo, with the aid of a crude telescope, dissolved the Milky Way into stars, discovered four moons about Jupiter, saw the phases of Venus, first observed spots on the sun, and startled the world by stating and proving that the earth moves around the sun. And the wonder of all this is that it happened so recently! Galileo's house is still standing in the southern part of Florence, on the slope of the hill where he used his telescope to such good advantage.

Kepler's laws; Newton's great theory of gravitation explaining the movements of the heavenly bodies; the discovery of Uranus and the study of nebulae by William Herschel; and a closer investigation of comets and meteors by various observers gradually led up to the era in which we live, when keen-sighted men, with powerful telescopes never dreamed of before, are continually wresting new secrets from the starry depths of space and revealing wonderful truths that far surpass the wildest fancies of the greatest astrologers.

The Moon

The moon looks large and is large, for a moon, and

it has figured very extensively in the affairs of men; although its influence, if we except the tides, has been mostly sentimental and fanciful.

The distance of the moon from the earth is roughly 240,000 miles, or about one-four-hundredth part that of the sun; and its diameter is a little over 2,000 miles, which is over one-fourth the diameter, and one fiftieth the size, of the earth. Compare these figures with the size and distance of the tiny moons of Mars!

Although large, the earth is so much larger that its attraction prevents the side of the moon next to it from moving away from it, so that we never see but one side of the moon; the same that Galileo saw with his telescope.

With modern telescopes, it has been possible to study the surface of the moon so closely that it is better known than many parts of the earth. Careful maps have been made showing the ten mountain ranges, the numerous volcanic craters, the great plains, or "seas," and the "rills," "clefts," and "rays." If lakes, forests, or cities existed, they could easily be seen, although one could hardly expect to distinguish an individual building.

The moon is "dead" and has long been so: there is no air, no water, no clouds, no storms, no twilight,

nothing to blanket the surface during the long night lasting two weeks, when the temperature must fall to 200° below zero, and nothing to shield it from the glaring sun during the cloudless day a fortnight in length. The air and water have been absorbed by the lunar rocks on cooling; and the black shadows of the ancient volcanic craters sweep across the plains without even a suggestion of refractive atmosphere. One is forcibly reminded of the passage in Keats' "Hyperion," beginning:

> "Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
> Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
> Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
> Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone.
> Still as the silence round about his lair;
> Forest on forest hung about his head
> Like cloud on cloud, no stir of air was there,
> Not so much life as on a summer's day
> Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
> But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest."

The Planet Mars

Owing to its fiery-red color and variable size, Mars was one of the first planets noticed by the ancients. When nearest the earth, it rivals Jupiter; and when farthest away, it is less conspicuous than the north

star. Its size is only one-seventh that of the earth, but it rotates on its axis in the same time and has seasons like our own. There are two tiny moons only a few miles in diameter; one of which, Deimos rises in the east and the other, Phobos, in the west.

When Mars is nearest the earth, it can be more closely examined than any other heavenly body except the moon. Every portion of its surface has been carefully mapped and named. There are white patches near the poles supposed to be snow; extensive blue and green areas have been taken for oceans; and other areas varying between yellow and orange, for land.

The distinguished French author, Camille Flammarion, has written a charming imaginative book about the wonderful winged creatures that inhabit Mars, absorbing food from the atmosphere as plants do on the earth, communicating with each other by thought transference, and doing many other remarkable things that these supermen were supposed to have become capable of doing during the ages before our earth was ready for habitation.

The idea that Mars might be inhabited originated in the belief that conditions on its surface were similar to those on the earth; and this belief was strengthened

by Schiaparelli's discovery of the so-called "canals." The theory was strenuously supported by Professor Lowell and had gained wide acceptance until recently, when Arrhenius and others denied that any but the lowest forms of plant life could possibly exist on Mars in its present condition, because of the comparative lack of atmosphere and moisture.

The amount of oxygen is only one-sixteenth part of that on the earth, while the average temperature is forty degrees below zero, with an occasional maximum of about thirty above. The "canals" are probably only great fissures due to earthquakes and the gradual drying out of the surface strata, and their apparent variation may be due to the freezing and thawing of what little moisture remains. The planet Mercury, which is dead and dried up like our moon, shows "canals" similar to those on Mars.

Since Mars is much older than the earth, as well as considerably smaller, it is natural to suppose that it has already reached the stage in which air and water are scarce, a condition toward which the earth is undoubtedly progressing. It may be that Mars has been inhabited, but there is no evidence one way or the other.

CHAPTER IX

On Parade

Every afternoon, the column of girls, accompanied by two lady teachers, would go out walking for exercise and to see and be seen. At first, they were allowed to dress as they pleased, which was always in the best they had, and better than many of them could afford for plain, everyday use. So it was decided to have a cap and gown uniform, and to have it black, to suit all occasions and wear well. It also made the girls look so old and haggard that they did not attract undue attention.

Sometimes, but never if it could be prevented, the column met a parade from another school, and this caused excitement enough for a week. But the proudest occasion of all was on Sunday morning, when the column formed in the front yard with the Principal at its head and marched with stately tread down the hill to the church and up into the gallery, the observed of all observers.

It was a handsome church and the music and preaching were usually excellent. The Naturalist

enjoyed visiting the parsonage, where he was always welcome. One time, he found the preacher reading a novel by Rider Haggard and was regaled with a lengthy discourse on the "choice of words and flow of language that every preacher should have." At another time, from a different preacher, he heard of, and saw, the wonders of the X-ray machine, then comparatively new.

The Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. was newly organized, well housed in a handsome building, and was one of the most efficient institutions in the city. The gymnasium, library, and reading-room were much used by the Naturalist. Books that he needed for information and inspiration could be found on the shelves there when they were not available anywhere else within reach. He met there, also, such men as Capt. McIlhaney, Maj. Jed Hotchkiss, the geologist, and Hon. Henry St. George Tucker, a polished speaker and afterwards governor of the state.

Soon after he became a member of the Y. M. C. A., the Naturalist was innocently enticed into a checker contest with the champion and accidently beat him the first game, when he enjoyed a brief notoriety

such as fell to the lot of the man who knocked Big Jim down. After that, the champion would sometimes have him beaten before he had all his men arranged on the board.

The large auditorium was used for lectures, and for meetings of various kinds, including regular church services. One Sunday morning, the organist, who was proud of his ability and somewhat peculiar in appearance and manner, indulged in a rather pretentious prelude. As he approached the climax of the composition, when all the powers of the instrument were invoked to express the emotions of the composer, and the physical strain on the organist was visibly at a maximum, the organ suddenly stopped! That, in itself, was sufficient to unbalance, though not to upset, the equilibrium of the congregation, but, when the little man, instead of sitting still and keeping his dignity, began to crawl and scratch around under the organ like a monkey, the whole house broke into unrestrained laughter and the preacher hid behind his pulpit.

Preachers see many things that are not visible to their congregations. They have a more exalted position, and they often peep through their fingers while at prayer. One cold Sunday morning, in this

same auditorium, the seats were crowded and the opening prayer was nearly finished, when the preacher saw the door softly open and a consequential youth in a check suit slip quietly in and make his way toward the rear of one of the last rows of benches. The preacher then shifted his gaze and discovered in this last row a man with a very red head, which was devoutly bent forward, while the consequential youth, apparently oblivious to all his surroundings, stood over him warming and rubbing his hands. The humor of the situation and the entirely innocent and satisfied expression on the youth's countenance were too much for the preacher's nerves, and he suddenly broke down when the end of the prayer was in plain sight. The reason of his collapse was never given except to a favored few.

Charity

The Naturalist had a Sunday School class of several splendid girls, and they conceived the idea of doing a little charity work of their own when snow covered the ground and living was difficult at best among the poor. The object of their charity was a woman with three small children living in a wretched tenement in the western edge of the town. All the girls went together to a grocery store and filled a

large hamper with provisions, which the Naturalist helped them carry to the tenement and distribute among the happy members of the needy family. It was a delight to see the children eat. Nancy Arnold was one of the leading spirits in this worthy enterprise.

Girls in Miniature

At Hampton Court, not far from London, there is a famous collection of portraits of beautiful women done in miniature. Assemble that many full-blown beauties in the flesh and, as Schopenhauer says, there is certain to be enmity. But this is not true of young, unsophisticated buds of womanhood, because each one believes that the world lies at her feet, with all the men in it. This being the case, one man is quite sufficient for a whole school—to be taken apart and put together and scolded and petted and loved each day.

Virginia and Anna, the nieces of a great artist, were pretty, dainty, clever, good, and demure—about as near perfection as healthy young mortals ever get. It was a great pleasure to the Naturalist to have them as students in a number of classes, where their example had an excellent effect on the

other students and their faithfulness was an inspiration and encouragement to the teacher.

And there was also the girl from far-off New Orleans, who was so homesick when she first came that the Naturalist took her to the Park to show her the animals, and the babboon reached through the bars of his cage and grabbed her. Then the tug-of-war began, the Naturalist pulling one way and the babboon the other, recalling the struggles in primeval forests before civilization had begun to dawn. This encounter did not cure the homesickness, but it ended by bringing the girl and the Naturalist nearer together!

IRVA was short and inclined to be plump, with dark hair and large, prominent eyes. If anyone was silent in a crowd, it was not Irva. She knew the latest gossip and the newest styles and communicated her knowledge willingly. Her best portrait represented her with arms interlocked like a Siamese twin about one of the Robertson girls.

NANCY was a splendid, high-minded girl, who looked and acted as if she had won her way over obstacles. Her brain power was immense, and her actions were governed by reason. From casual observation, it seemed that Nancy was admired rather

than loved by most of the girls, who were younger and somewhat awed.

ETHEL had a plodding determination by which she usually arrived. She talked much of the "boys" and planned many escapades which never materialized because they were nothing more than talk. She had a strong personality and was the leader of a small gang, but this gang was perfectly harmless.

NELLE had the stealthy grace of a panther, and of all the musicians she was the best. Quiet in manner, chary of speech, put her on the piano stool and the serious work of life began. And her music was not of the pond or the slow-moving river, but like the leaping and dimpling mountain brook.

LUCILE was a healthy, jolly Texas girl, a clever exponent of physical culture and comic monologue. Books and learning meant less to her than pretty dresses and a good time. And her Fred meant most of all. She was withal a good companion and a favorite with both teachers and pupils.

MAMIE was proud of her family, and to some she may have seemed a bit haughty, with her unchallenged beauty and her musical ability. The Naturalist, however, found no quarrel with her, even if she didn't care for yellow primroses.

Another NELLE had been a pupil of Dr. Underwood in Indiana. She was as smart as a whip and never knew when to stop learning. Her sister, being rounder of figure and more emotional in character, fell madly in love with the pretty young clerk at the bookstore, who would stand first on one foot and then on the other, holding his hat. The idea of having a love affair with one of the teachers quite overpowered him.

BEATRICE, better known as Bee, was a study in blushes. Her color came and went with every heart throb. For her friends, she had nothing but kindness and love, and for her foes only excuses. She was destined to make a happy home for somebody.

ROSA had a face like a half-opened pink rosebud and a smile like a radiant summer's day. She was happy in spite of her affliction and no one in the whole school was more beloved.

LAURA was the beloved daughter of a prosperous lawyer. Nothing was too good for her, and she deserved the best. If she had a fault, it was taking life too seriously. Some people can shed their troubles like water rolling off a duck's back, but not so with Laura.

HALLIE was a lovable child with fair complexion and Titian hair. If she had an enemy, no one knew about it. Her smile would melt an iceberg and her confiding ways disarm a highwayman. She married a doctor and went to live in Texas.

BERTIE was a dear girl, but Nature never intended her for a student. Pretty and obedient and useful about the house, she was made to love and be loved rather than to dim her expressive eyes by poring over algebraic signs and German script.

MAY was a true daughter of her mother, straight and clear-eyed and dependable, with plenty of looks and brains and determination for a through ticket to everything worth while in life. She married a Bishop's son who had been in the Naturalist's Sunday School class at college.

Tall and stately and refined was MARGARET, with a touch of the languid air seen in states that border on the Gulf. Singing was her faith and hope, and even in her dreams she sang.

BLANCHE was loved like a man by some of the girls; but with all her manly ways she was really very feminine and thought the world of her Harry. She came from a happy and attractive home in the mountains, with devoted parents and sisters. Kindness was her watchword.

LOLLA was short and plump and haled from the South, where everything was just a little better than the best. She was a generous talker, and loved to talk most of the things she knew most about. Her room was tidy and full of pretty knick-knacks. She was good-hearted and a heavy worker. If there was a man in the parlor, she was sure to find him.

MARY was as pretty as a picture and so sweet that she was almost spoiled. Her tears came readily, tempting one to pet her. Dickens would have welcomed her among his characters.

At sixteen, a girl is apt to be a despotic little queen, and so was MARIAN. She inherited from her successful father some ideas and ways that Pansy did not possess. Most of the girls liked her and many bowed the knee at her court.

RENA was a thoroughly good, hard-working, serious, motherly sort of a girl, to whom others carried their sorrows. She was a true missionary, whether at school or in China.

FLORENCE was the girl who insisted on filling her coffee cup half full of sugar and not stirring it, simple because she had always done it that way at home. Some children never grow up.

"BILL" played the role of a tough to perfection and she was so little and so youthful that her as-

sociates only laughed at her. But she was old in experience and her little sister Maggie knew it and scolded her continually. If some one had been needed to drop chewing-gum from the gallery into the open mouth of a deacon sleeping below, "Bill" would have been that one—and Maggie's little tender heart would have suffered for it.

CHAPTER X

Celebrities

Mr. Fishburne was a prominent banker and exhorter of Roanoke, as well as a much-loved member of the Board of Trustees of the school. Splendid in appearance and generous of heart, he made friends everywhere he went. He even planned to take the Naturalist on a trip to the Holy Land, but something occurred to prevent the consummation of this delightful plan.

Leo Wheat

Leo Wheat, the clever but eccentric pianist, strolled in one day and gave the girls an exhibition of his skill in fingering, which was highly appreciated. The performance closed rather abruptly, however, because, like the moon, he shone the brightest when he was full.

Mayor Fultz

The Mayor was chiefly known through his son David, a famous baseball and football star of Brown University. He made one run of eighty yards to goal that would have furnished wreaths for the

brows of a dozen fathers. Later, he became a professional baseball player, then a lawyer, then an aviator, and finally President of the International Baseball League.

Sam Jones

Sam Jones was speaking one evening at a temperance rally in the grove on Sears Hill, and referred to the fact that Sam Small was having an argument on the same subject three miles away with a state official from Richmond, who happened to be bald.

"It reminds me," he said, "of an Irishman who had a bantam rooster, of which he was very proud. One day, when he was expatiating about what a great fighter his rooster was, a stranger standing near remarked, 'I've got a bird at home that'll eat your chicken up.' 'Bring him around', said the Irishman, and so he did.

"The bantam ruffled up and showed great fight, but the strange bird simply took hold of him with one claw and made a meal of him. 'Faith, and he did ate him up,' said Pat; 'but that was an imported chicken'—referring to the bald eagle. If Brother Small is downed in the argument tonight, we can claim, with Pat, that an imported chicken did it."

Dr. Lafferty

Dr. Lafferty, long identified with *The Richmond Christian Advocate*, paid the school a visit. While seated in the place of honor at the table, his clear, forceful voice would penetrate to the farthest corners of the dining-room and his well-chosen words exemplified in a very convincing way what the Naturalist had been trying to teach his English pupils. Dr. Lafferty fulfilled all of Bacon's requirements; being a man of wide learning, an excellent writer, and a ready speaker. His face was molded in clear-cut lines, his mouth was flexible and expressive, and his whitening hair gave a touch of dignity and sweetness to his positive, virile features.

Dr. Paul Whitehead

Some of the most interesting articles on wild flowers ever written were contributed to *The Richmond Christian Advocate* by Rev. Paul Whitehead, who traveled through many parts of eastern Virginia on horseback. He had a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, an intimate acquaintance with the more conspicuous native flowers of the region, and the ability to express what he saw and felt in a lucid and pleasing way. There is no doubt

that his articles added greatly to the popular knowledge concerning Virginia wild flowers and to the appreciation of plants in general.

Professor Apgar

During a portion of one vacation period, the Naturalist attended a Summer Normal School at Bedford City, Virginia, where many of the leading lights in the educational world were assembled; among them Professor Austin C. Apgar, of Trenton, New Jersey. To meet Professor Apgar personally and hear him lecture and go with him into the fields proved to be a great privilege. His enthusiasm was unbounded, and he was such a gifted speaker that his hearers sat on the edges of the seats. In drawing on the blackboard, he used both hands at once and used them quickly and skilfully. His eyes were like objectives on a double nose-piece; one saw large and the other small, and between the two nothing escaped him. When he came in to lecture on trees, he was so extensively camouflaged that one thought

"Birnam wood to Dunsinane had come."

The Naturalist never saw the Carolina hemlock until Professor Apgar showed him a tree growing

on the southern slope of one of the Peaks of Otter. That was a day long to be remembered. The Orator and his charming wife, the Physicist and his wife, and Professor Apgar and the Naturalist filled a large service hack and started toward The Peaks early one bright morning, ready for any excitement the day might bring. As the hack wound slowly up the mountain road, Professor Apgar kept seeing things, and reeling out long Latin names, and jumping over the off wheel to secure fragments of this and that, until the whole crowd became enthusiastic naturalists and wanted to get out and walk.

Near the top, they all *had* to walk, because it was much too steep and rough for the vehicle. Nestled among the giant rocks on the summit, was a little guest-house where the party had lunch. The Orator called for lemonade, and was given a glass of water with one thin slice of lemon floating on its surface. He called for another glass, and got another slice. As he reached for the sixth glass, he turned to the Naturalist and said *sotto voce*, "I was determined to get the rest of that lemon."

After lunch, there was some climbing and some collecting, but more lying in the shadows of the rocks and enjoying the cool breezes, while the land-

scape spread far out in every direction from the very sharp peak 4,000 feet above the sea. The nearest mountain was Flat-top, the other twin, and beyond it Apple Orchard, where the Carolina rhododendron grows so abundantly.

When it came time to return, Professor Apgar and the Naturalist walked half way down the mountain through the woods to take a look at the Carolina hemlock. Many years before, an immense stone had rolled down from the top in this same direction, crushing all the trees and causing a veritable avalanche of stones and earth. It had been poised on the summit as a rocking-stone and was considered a great natural wonder; until some foolish boys blew it off with a charge of blasting powder.

CHAPTER XI

Notes from the Naturalist's Diary

March 10, 1895

This is Sunday; a caressing, real spring day. One blackbird came to see us and perched high in a tree exhibiting his burnished coat. A total eclipse of the moon occurred at 9:51–11:27 P. M. All the girls stayed up to see it. At 11:30, the dull red sphere began to brighten on one side, when it appeared like a little silver saucer holding a large orange —a little brightness holding much darkness—a little right supporting and embracing a big wrong!

April 14, 1895

I took a party of girls to Washington and spent Easter week there showing them the sights. They had a wonderful time.

April 25, 1895

When I came in for supper tonight, I was rather surprised to find a number of girls rather timidly offering to shake hands with me in the halls and on

the stairs. It later leaked out through Miss Johanna that they had been out walking and found some four-leaved clovers, which they had put into their shoes. This is the first I have heard of the certainty of marriage under such circumstances, but the thing is done and I may as well pack up for Utah.

Posing for the Art Class

It was at times the Naturalist's privilege to pose for the would-be artists in the studio on the top floor; and he also tried a piece of charcoal himself at rare intervals. But it must be stated that neither the one exercise nor the other tended to add one jot or one tittle to his vanity.

April 29, 1895

A rainy Monday full of business. I agreed to return next year for the following courses:

Zoology, followed by Botany
Physics, followed by Astronomy
Chemistry, followed by Geology
Three classes in German

July 7, 1895

During the past week, at Blacksburg, where I was spending my vacation, I read "Nathan Der

Weise" in the original. It is a great book and intensely interesting. The characters are all impassioned, except Sittah and Nathan. Recha, Daja, Saladin, the Templar, Al-Hafi, the Klosterbruder, and even the Mamelukes: Love, Dreams, Money, Christianity, Peace, Justice, Messages. Sittah and Nathan are astute and controlled by reason, but Sittah lacks some of the Goodness that Nathan has in addition to his wisdom. Saladin and the Templar are large of heart and impulsive. Recha is very intense, and lovable withal. Daja and Al-Hafi are "gone daft." Daja is *intensely* Christian and Al-Hafi very rightly wishes to leave Saladin's empty treasury for the Ganges to be Dervish again.

OCTOBER 31, 1895

Halloween! Many new collections have been made, which speak for themselves. Many interesting books have been studied and read. New personalities have influenced me; Mr. Hamill's influence is excellent. My purpose is to do all I can on Science (Biology), with Art as a necessary equipment therefor. I have just read Lubbock's remarks on the one hundred best books, and I shall remember his advice in arranging my permanent library

of literary gems; although I do not feel like readi
as a duty except in Science, where all is fascinati

How I Feel at 26

Young as ever, with work hardly yet begun. T
disappointment as to our salary made me a lit
reckless for a time, but I can wait two more yea
I guess, for Johns Hopkins. I will learn all t
Biology I can before that time. Our school m
come out, but, if she does not, money is not li
Shall I be rich? Never. As to religious beli
and duties, I hope I am true, if negligent. As
love, I am wedded to Science. My life work sh
be Biology.

Johns Hopkins University

The Naturalist visited Dr. Remsen, whose te
book he was using in chemistry; Dr. Gilderslee
the great Latin scholar; Dr. Brooks, the anin
embryologist; and Dr. Humphrey, the botanist,
arrange work at The Hopkins for a doctor's degr
A course of reading was given him by Dr. Broo
and Dr. Humphrey contributed a number of pl
types to be thoroughly studied and drawn in c
nection with work outlined in Strasburger's "Pr

tical Botany." On a subsequent visit, Dr. Lotsy suggested trying the experiments given in Oels' "Physiology," and it was in this connection that the following episode occurred.

The Water Wheel

The Naturalist constructed a water wheel of wire and corks and fastened a number of sprouting peas to the rim of the wheel in various positions, then put it under a faucet and turned on the water. All night it revolved, until the little peas didn't know which end they were standing on, and all the neighbors on Laboratory Street struck their heads out of their windows and wondered where the flood came from. Gossip brought the experiment to an untimely end, but not before the roots of the peas had responded to centrifugal force in place of gravity and turned their tips directly away from the center of the wheel instead of directly downward to the center of the earth. The habit had become fixed in the peas to respond in this way to a steady force, just as it had become fixed in the neighbors to respond in the way they did to the effect of the running water. "No one liveth unto himself alone;" and very few experiment to themselves alone.

NOVEMBER 3, 1895

My spare moments today, which are not many on Sunday, were employed in reading "Imitatio Christi" and making notes on it in a special tablet.

What a pity that the various denominations cannot get together and do something really handsome! Here is every little village with six or seven churches and six or seven pastors, all poor and struggling, with the burdens resting on a few good men, rightly called the "pillars of the church," because without them the churches could not exist. How much better it would be to have one splendid church with one pastor or several in succession who could keep the old folks awake and bring the young folks in, making the cause glorious! But, one says, "People must think if they have freedom, and if they think they must have different opinions." All right, let them think. But let pure and undefiled religion be preached in the church and let all those who love doctrines and dogmas get together in little chapels or meet from house to house and rattle the dry bones to their hearts' content. This would be very inexpensive—one small room would probably be quite sufficient to hold them!

NOVEMBER 4, 1895

This has been a very happy Monday. I mended my aquarium, read up on ants for my lecture tomorrow, and finished other odds and ends. At three o'clock, Miss Johanna, Miss Byrant, and myself went on a jolly ride to Mr. Dickinson's, where we remained for supper and came back by moonlight. The nights are cool and the days warm, like the desert, the air being very dry. I cannot help thinking of all the splendid scientific books I have to read.

NOVEMBER 5, 1895

The day has been very full. McCook's book on ants gave the finishing touches to my lecture, which was well received by the class. Thoreau's "Autumn" was read. He speaks of a drought as perhaps causing dull autumnal colors, while I had been accounting for our beautiful deep colors this year, especially those of the sugar maple, as due to our very dry, bright weather. Perhaps I have only noticed them more. I am still unable to find a mole cricket. Ants seem to have disappeared.

NOVEMBER 9, 1895

Made a sketch of Betsy Bell. What a fine day! Heard the familiar note of the yellow-bellied wood-

pecker. The promised rain has come. Patter, patter, gently, spring-like. The charged electricity of our warm days is let loose silently. The gutter under my window gurgles melodiously. Goodnight; sweet dreams!

November 10, 1895

A delightful, rainy Sunday. Read Marcus Aurelius. I like him better than Thomas à Kempis. He must suit my age better. My character, too, is stoical. See my book of quotations for notes.

Education

Education is the drawing out, or development, of our natural powers; the cultivation and strengthening of our body, mind, feelings, conscience, will, and art of expression. The most important natural power we have is the freedom to choose and act for ourselves, and that man is best educated who has the wisdom and courage to choose and act in the best manner. The aim of all true education is to persuade and enable boys and girls to become good and useful men and women.

Losing and Finding

The Naturalist took a sixteen-mile tramp one day

with his rifle on his shoulder and brought back several jaybirds for his collection, but, just as he reached home, he discovered that his knife was missing. He had learned in his psychological studies that the memory could be stimulated by "eddying around a subject," and that lost objects had frequently been recovered through dreams by this same process of concentration; so he proceeded to concentrate, until, finally, he brought back a distinct picture of the lost knife lying on the ground in the woods where he had shot the first jaybird. The next day, he walked back to the spot with perfect confidence and picked up the knife.

The memory of a sound may also be recalled very vividly upon occasion. Soon after the Naturalist entered college, when he was about fourteen, his father gave him a silver dollar to buy a much-needed geometry and he went skating with the dollar in his trousers' pocket. That night, when he prepared for bed, the dollar was missing, and a dollar went almost as far in those days as it did in the days of George Washington. Lying upon his bed, with sleep a stranger, he thought very hard and finally succeeded in recalling a peculiar clink upon the ice that did not sound like that made by a skate.

Early next morning before breakfast, without mentioning his loss to anyone, he hurried to the pond with his heart in his mouth and saw the silver dollar lying on the ice near a big rock where he had come to grief in trying to execute a difficult turn with an old-fashioned pair of skates. It looked to him then about the size of a dinner-plate and seemed as valuable as a diamond tiara.

CHAPTER XII

Winter Reading

November 20, 1895

A cold day with some snow. I fixed up my laboratory and read "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Dr. Jekyll, a good man, changed himself by the use of a powder to Hyde, the personification of all the pure wickedness of his nature. Crimes being committed and the level gradually lowering, Dr. Jekyll at length found himself unable to be anything but Mr. Hyde. The lower nature dragging the upper down! The book is unpleasant and I dislike it all. But it is true—sin conquering righteousness.

December 1, 1895

I must not fail to record the wonderful impression made upon me by "The Life of Agassiz" written by his wife. I am devouring it every spare moment, as I would a fascinating standard novel. It will make an era in my life, I am quite sure. Some things are so much like my own life; only I have done *so very little*. It is almost discouraging to think

of what Agassiz had finished by 23. Still, we must know more of other things these days and certainly all that I have done goes to make a broad foundation for a long life's work. Even my accidental work in English this year brings me back to the usages and idioms of my own language, which I had left for those of other tongues.

December 7, 1895

"The Life of Agassiz"

Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz was born in 1807 at Motier, Switzerland, his father being a clergyman and an excellent educator, his mother the daughter of a physician and an ardent lover of this profession.

No precocious love of study, but loved natural history from infancy. The stone basin at the spring his first fish aquarium. Quite handy with tools; an aid afterward in manipulation. To school at ten at Bienne, and at fourteen aspired to become a man of letters. Orderly classification early shown.

From Bienne to Lausanne and then to Zurich at seventeen, having chosen medicine. Thence to the university of Heidelberg, where he met Alexander Braun, the botanist, warm friend, and aferwards brother-in-law. He and Braun worked together and agreed that in mechanical work one should read aloud.

In 1827, had typhus fever and was convalescent at Braun's and at home. Then to university of Munich

together, where original men were the teachers. From his window could see the Tyrolean Alps, a reminder of Switzerland. Turned his room into a menagerie. At one time, there were 40 pet birds in it. Braun's sister, Cecile, made his drawings. He could not live without plans.

His mother wished him to marry, but he would not until his toil insured a peaceful future. Now, at twenty, liked science better than medicine. Many letters home, and advice about his bread-work and his glory-work. Father and mother placed their faith in medicine, so he carried it on through, but used it little except in his science. Compare Linnaeus. He liked merry society, but was reserved himself. Nicknamed his friends Molluscus, Cyprinus, Rhubarb, etc.

His collections now included fishes, reptiles, shells, birds, 3000 plants and minerals. His aim was: "I wish it may be said of Louis Agassiz that he was the first naturalist of his time, a good citizen, and a good son, beloved of those who knew him." He had learned to skin all sorts of animals and had made a hundred skeletons. He seemed to himself "made to be a traveling naturalist."

In 1829, he received his degree in Philosophy. Risked all his means in schemes and was nearly always poor. In 1830, the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Desired then a great museum. Had artists for drawing and boys to clean skeletons, etc., so as to save time. He began, as all scientists do, with finding the names of all he could pick up; then found the structure of even a few animals thoroughly understood to be far more important. Dis-

sected for work and collected for amusement. Loved to fish. All theories *based on facts.*

A year at home and then to Paris in 1831, where Cuvier and Humboldt received him and became lasting, dear, and very helpful friends. Cuvier gave him his drawings, etc., on fossil fishes and left the field to him. "Work kills" were Cuvier's last words to him. Cuvier was paralyzed the next day. Discovered that geologic succession of fishes was a statement of their family relations.

Began teaching at Neuchatel in 1832, his delightful life-work. Eyes weak. Lectured always without notes. In 1833, married Cecile Braun, who was a fine artist. Always opposed Darwin. Glacier theory begun. Became a F. R. S. Guyot his friend from boyhood. Would not leave Neuchatel, in spite of tempting offers. Had much struggling with poverty to publish at twenty-three the book which made him famous. "Fossil Fishes," "Fresh-water Fishes," and geological works consumed every moment while teaching in Switzerland. He did *much* work, he had remarkable *energy*, which depends largely on health, and his disposition was one of the best.

The second volume of this book deals with Agassiz' work in America. Arrived in 1846; began with lecture before Lowell Institute. His blackboard drawing was very helpful. Captivated his audience. Like Apgar, he left out technicalities and superfluities. Won Professor Rogers to his view of glaciers. Spoke of Professor Dana as likely to be our finest naturalist. Say was the first naturalist of distinction in the United States. Pickering and Dana made the fine collections on the Crustacea in

the National Museum. Bailey an authority on microscopic animalcules here, while Ehrenberg was the best across the water. Gray and Torrey the fine botanists. Agassiz was no mathematician at all.

The French Revolution of 1848 released Agassiz from the service of the king of Prussia and he accepted the chair of Natural History in the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard. Some of his co-laborers were Longfellow, Lowell, Gray, Prescott, and Emerson. Guyot came over with other old friends and they kept bachelor's hall. His wife had died meanwhile. Agassiz often left work unfinished. In 1850, he married E. C. Cary of Boston and settled in the United States. Alexander, 15 years of age, was with him now. [I saw him at the National Academy of Sciences during Easter of 1895. Large, with large, full head and high forehead.]

In 1851, in Medical College, Charleston, South Carolina. I wonder if Professor Smythe was influenced by this? "There is no harm," Agassiz said, "in being compelled by natural necessities to limit our ambition,—on the contrary, the better sides of our nature are thus not allowed to go to sleep." Gave lectures at the Smithsonian Institution. Had a private school at home in the north; 60-70 girls. Taught them in a popular way. It opened 1855, closed 1863. At his laboratory, the microscope table stood on a rock detached from the floor, to prevent shaking. Plan for museum: Synoptic room first, where animal kingdom as a whole was compactly represented. Cards on walls explaining all. F. C. Gray started it with $50,000. Agassiz gave all his collections.

His way of teaching was to train in *looking* first, giving no help *at all.* Scudder was his pupil and tells how much good this did him. Agassiz urged the foundation of a National Academy of Sciences.

The Race question. White and black always produce *mulattoes;* who are sickly and of impaired fecundity. Mixing of nationalities, as in this country, is beneficial, but a mixture of races is always bad. The blacks will certainly continue in the south and probably die out in the north, because represented there by infertile half-breeds. Hence some states will become negro states.

Made a journey to Brazil about this time. The object of museums should be the illustration of the infinite work of the Infinite Wisdom. Hence, never too costly not too solid. Sargassum has been broken away from its attachment. Crinoids and other *old* forms found in the deep sea, because pressure, scarcity of oxygen, and other conditions of the earlier ages exist at these depths only. Sheet of ice in South just as in North. Proved this in South America. Normal summer school at Penikese, Buzzards' Bay, opened. It died with its master. Wilder and Packard were there as teachers. Primitive types have remained unchanged. Agassiz was *very* certain of this. No evidence of a direct descent of later species from earlier. "A physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle." Buried in 1873 at Mt. Auburn. His monument from the glacier of the Aar and pine trees from Switzerland.

Major Hotchkiss considers this one of the finest books ever written. I admire its straight-forward-

ness and simplicity of statement, leaving the reader to think for himself. Of course, anything else would be out of place from his wife. But the inspiration of the book is something remarkable. I shall never forget to be a naturalist and shall always honor Agassiz. I differ from him in some things. I do like Mathematics, and I like the flowers. My science shall include Geology, Chemistry, Botany, and Zoology. Of course, *Life* is my field.

DECEMBER 10, 1895

"AGASSIZ IN BRAZIL"

Mixed with the scientific is a great deal of chaff in the way of habits, government, scenery, etc. I found little to help me just now, as I am not at work on fishes or palms or southern geology.

Of a hundred bird embryos examined at Cambridge, bills, wings, feet, etc., were exactly alike at a certain age. The robin and crow were then web-footed like the duck. The scale of animal life is given us by their development. For example, an insect passes from worm to crustacean and then to the perfect insect. A frog from cecilia, siren, proteus, and salamander to frog. Be careful that species do not lead you away from true investigation. Comprehensive features are more important.

I was impressed with Embryology in reading this book and recalled Dr. Brooks' advice about the German work

on it. Turtles and their relatives have sets of eggs for several years ahead. Distinct lines of demarkation exist between the largest sets. Of evolution, Agassiz said, "This is not a question to be argued, it is one to be investigated." Flying-fish rise by striking the water with the tail, stay in the air, guiding themselves as they please by movements of the whole body, as long as their breath permits, and *dive*—not *fall*—back again. They rise from fear, perhaps.

December 22, 1895

"The Voyage of the Beagle," by Darwin

The Red Sea is covered with minute, cylindric confervae, *Trichodesmium erythraceum*, hence the name. Green water in certain parts of the Arctic Sea. Moths less abundant in Brazil than here. *Papilio feronia* makes a clicking sound. Dirt-daubers paralyze spiders, etc., and leave them just alive, packed away for their young. The cuckoo can lay only one or two eggs after pairing each time, hence her habit. Lightning entering sand, forms vitreous tubes, one of which measured 30 feet.

Cattle always divide into troops of 40-100. Great swarms of *Colias edusa* at Rio Plata. Compare those of *Vanessa Cardui* (Lyell). Another ballooning spider besides the gossamer sends up diverging threads (similarly electrified?). Do vultures scent their food? Scientists are equally divided. Condors do not flap. Compare the buzzard. But they must keep up by movements of the neck and body almost unobserved. Meat roasted

with the skin, *Carne con cuero*, is very superior. Often roasted flesh over a fire of the fresh bones. Tierra del Fuego, alone, has among its staple food articles a cryptogamic plant. It is a yellow fungus growing on beech trees.

Plants in dry climates possess strong odors. Bladders of frogs and tortoises act as reservoirs. Thirsty travelers drink the water, if full. First, however, that in the pericardium of the tortoise, which is the best. Galapagos archipelago peculiarly unique in its natural history. Animals must gradually learn by hereditary transmission the fear of man. Galapagos and the Falkland Islands prove this. Could kill birds with a switch. Storm on land much superior to one at sea. The traveler should be a botanist. Young naturalist, travel in foreign lands! Go by land if possible.

JANUARY 16, 1896

"Two Years in the Jungle," by Hornaday, who was sent by Ward to India and Borneo.

The British Museum is the finest in the world and always will be. It contains type specimens of species. Not generous in publication like our government. Rome a desert for natural history. Italians eat everything in the sea, almost. Egypt also a desert.

Leave the skin on the head to protect small skulls, if traveling. Tomb of Eve at Jeddah 220 feet long. The blues are caused by envy and selfishness. Aden is the hottest place in the world. Take letters of introduction *always*. Hindoos will not help a white man on account

of caste, hence the dark bungalow is built. Always carry a field-glass. A gavial's skin is thick, but very sensitive! Hindooism hasn't one redeeming quality.

India has the finest game in the world, except South Africa. Animallai Hills, or "Elephant Mountains," best in India. All must have Jungle fever, etc. Elephant hunting the grandest of all. Must find the brain and *hit* it. Very small.

"All hits are history,
All misses mystery."

A wild elephant is never still. He, though immense, is shod with silence. Shoot an animal in the neck. Indian Bison largest hollow-horned ruminant. Elephant swims best of all land quadrupeds. Never kill uselessly and always measure and sketch before skinning. Spice-laden breezes *do not* blow from Ceylon's Isle. Always buy rather than get everything by yourself; cheaper. To get natives started, say nothing, but go out and collect. You give the thing novelty and a send-off. Always regarded as play by them. Offer rewards for new species, first specimens. "Best drink known" is water from a half-ripe cocoanut. Arnica tincture is the best remedy for bites, etc.

Heart of Borneo most inaccessible; more so than Africa. Land of monkeys, especially orang. Always dry skeleton and skin in the shade. *Tie* your animal naturally and sketch it. The proboscis monkey is found only in Borneo. Never properly mounted nor drawn. Nose long and

double. Cheek callosities are sexual in the orang. Dyaks are kind, but dirty.

A charming book. I thoroughly enjoyed it. I shall collect some day!

JANUARY 18, 1896

"Wild Beasts and Their Ways," by Samuel W. Baker, a high authority on the rifle.

"Express" rifles are those with a large charge of powder. They are generally used now. The .577, using 6 drs. of powder and 648 grs. of solid bullet, is the most fatal weapon made and will kill any animal, if it is struck behind the shoulder. For deer and smaller game, use .400 express, with 4 drs. of powder and 85 grs. of solid bullet.

A bullet should go straight, penetrate, and possess stunning energy. Of course, to communicate all its energy, it must stop in the body. Pure lead flattens and stuns terribly. It is best for tigers, lions, etc., whose skins are thin. For penetrating thick skins, use 1-10 tin or 1-13 mercury, making a hard bullet. Pure lead fouls the gun and will not do for very many shots. *Never* use a hollow bullet. If it touches a twig, it flies in pieces. If the game is dangerous, it may fail you in a pinch.

JANUARY 21, 1896

"THE COMPLEAT ANGLER," BY IZAAK WALTON

My notes are mostly taken from those of the editor.

Fishes have keen sight, fair hearing powers, little taste, acute smell, and very slight feeling or sensitiveness to pain. Make the rod of hickory or ash, and 12 feet long. "Dressed" lines are waxed to make them waterproof. "Gut," from silkworm, is used above the hook. Shot are placed a foot above hook. Pepper will keep moths from the tackle.

Round Sneck and Pennell are the best hooks. A clearing-ring is used to slip down the line and pull to clear the hook. The plummet is used to find the depth. Clean the worms in damp moss for several days.

Bait: worms, beetles, flies, minnows (for trout and perch), boiled wheat, fresh bread worked with clean hands and a soaked loaf for ground bait.

Fishing for Trout

Trout are best in June. Fish *up* stream in the mountains and keep your shadow away. Use worms after a rain and on a bright day. Use flies until the end of June and again in September. Minnows are fine. Cast above and let the fly float over a fall. Trout notice resemblance in color only.

Fishing for Carp

Fish before 7 A. M. in summer. The worm is the best of all baits. Let a foot of line lie on the bottom. Wait until the line moves steadily away before striking. Fish and bait at three or four places at once. On hot days, when at the surface, carp *will not* bite.

Fishing for Perch

Worms and minnows held midway in the water prove very attractive to perch.

Fishing for Dace

Bread mixed with cotton to keep it on the hook is good, but worms are best. Lower and raise the hook.

JANUARY 23, 1896

"A Tramp Across the Continent," by Charles F. Lummis, is the longest walk for pure pleasure on record. He made 3507 miles in 143 days, stopping often to investigate. He was alone, except for Shadow, a greyhound, which accompanied him for 1500 miles. Leaving Cincinnati, Ohio, September, 1884, he arrived at Los Angeles, California, February 1, 1885.

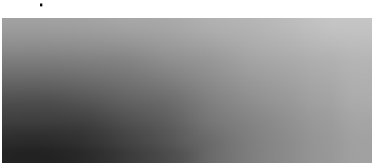
Aged 26; wore knickerbocker suit, flannel shirt, low, light, Curtis & Wheeler shoes. If you intend to walk regularly, wear light shoes and toughen your feet. Ship your baggage and walk "light." A bicycle is nothing compared to it. Take in your pockets writing material, fishing tackle, matches, revolver; a strong hunting-knife with 8 inch blade at your belt; and money. Don't nurse your blisters. Just walk! His longest day was 79 miles, covered in 21 hours. A rabbit never survives a scratch. The Rocky Mountain trout are not beautiful like ours. He caught them with grasshoppers.

Pike's Peak, 14,147 feet elevation, is the highest inhabited place. He found a curious pine with good nuts in its cones. The horns of the mountain sheep protect him in falling; the head being heaviest, he falls on that. No eyes "shine" in utter darkness. The Rocky Mountain cat is very large, but cowardly. Water and not land counts in the Southwest. The only turquoise mine on the continent is at "Mount" Chalchnitt.

Bore holes in a board and fill them with lard and strychnine, then coat the surface. The animal licks and licks and dies. Skin an animal through the mouth to get a whole skin. The Pueblos had small doors for protection, not because they were small men. The cliff-dwellers were only Pueblo Indians, such as one sees today. The greatest abyss on earth is the Grand Canyon; more than a mile deep and many miles wide. Hunters' rule: No water before noon and keep a smooth quartz pebble under the tongue for the salivary glands. Southern California late in January is full of flowers, birds, butterflies, and oranges.

JANUARY 26, 1896

"Camp and Jungle," by Gordon Cuming, who was in India as an officer in 1847, is simply a bare, monotonous chronicle of killing and of very little interest to a scientist. The guinea-worm, which gets into one's legs and feet, is mentioned and described by him, and this seems to be the source or the stream of what notes I already have on the subject.



MARCH 8, 1896

Finished "Lucile" tonight. Alfred and Matilda, Eugene de Luvois and Lucile, and young Vargrave and Constance. Lucile is the heroine in shaping all the others; Luvois the hero in conquering himself. Remember Eugene!

CHAPTER XIII

In Which the Ghost Appears

March 15, 1896

Bishop and Mrs. Hargrove are with us today. Speaking of bishops recalls a story of Bishop Early, related by one who knew him.

Bishop Early had the reputation of being a little brusque with his younger preachers at times. After the noon service one Saturday at a camp meeting, he called one of them to him and told him he had to preach that night. "But," said the young preacher in dismay, "I have no sermons with me and the time is so short." "It makes no difference," replied the Bishop. "You've got to preach and that's the end of it."

The young man ate a little dinner and started out for a walk to collect his thoughts. The Bishop's tent happened to be open as he passed by and there on the table he saw a neat bundle of manuscript, which proved very interesting on closer inspection. No one saw anything of him until dark; he spent the afternoon far off in the woods.

At the evening service, the Bishop and his Elders were seated in a semicircle behind the pulpit, now occupied by a confident young man of pleasing appearance, who began by announcing that the principal sermon the next day would be delivered at eleven o'clock by the Bishop. He then announced his first hymn. "That young fellow's got the hymn I had selected for my service tomorrow," whispered the Bishop to the Elder sitting nearest him. After the opening prayer, the second hymn was sung and the text announced. "He's got my second hymn and my text!" whispered the Bishop, now rather excited.

The young preacher had no sooner launched fully into the development of his theme than it became evident to the Bishop that he also had his sermon; and, as the speaker cast his eye toward one corner of the auditorium, he saw the Bishop, now looking rather crestfallen, slipping quietly out to prepare another speech for the next day!

Abusing the Butter

The Principal of an academy for boys entered the mess hall one day and found the butter being abused. In reply to his rather stern inquiries, one of the boys looked up to the ceiling, where a large lump was

suspended, and said in oracular tones, "Come down, butter, and speak for thyself; for thou art old enough."

Farming with Dynamite

The Naturalist volunteered to assist the State experts in inspecting orchards for San Jose scale, so as to locate infected trees and treat them as speedily as possible. An orchard near Staunton, owned by a young man who had lived in the West several years, was being inspected one day at his invitation, when a loud report came from the direction of one of the young apple-trees. Upon inquiry, it was found to be only the modern western method of farming—working the soil about the young trees with dynamite!

This same young man had secured scores of skins of various western animals, which now covered the floors of his house in the greatest profusion. The display was so attractive that the Naturalist brought his Zoology class out to see it,—as well as the new method of farming.

A Remarkable Dream

It is said that dreams contain nothing new, but whoever heard of anything like this one? The Naturalist saw in his dream an immense bean patch,

with hundreds of laborers, many of them girls, opening the growing pods and filling them with a mixture of potatoes, dried beans, and other foodstuffs ground up together. When the pods were stuffed perfectly full, they were sewed up and allowed to keep on growing until they reached the size of watermelons. The manufacture of the mixture, the feeding of the pods, and the gathering of the crop made a very lively and interesting scene.

The House of the Hidden Hand

If there was a story connected with this house, located in the suburbs of Staunton, the author has forgotten it and his imagination must supply the deficiency. When it comes to stories, one story ought to be as good as another.

This beautiful old house was built by a Mr. H—— for his bride, and they spent many happy years there together. At his death, the mother was forced to mortgage the home to educate their only child, a daughter, who inherited all her mother's beauty, as well as the unusual intelligence of her father. A physician of rather mature years held the mortgage and, unfortunately, became attracted by the daughter's loveliness.

After months of incessant annoyance, during

which the girl steadfastly refused to listen to the doctor's pleadings, her mother fell ill and the doctor attended her. She became steadily worse under his care and finally died under suspicious circumstances, but not before she had exacted from the daughter a solemn promise to give the doctor her hand.

When the days of mourning were over, the doctor came to the house for the fulfilment of her promise and found her in bed with her amputated hand in a jar of alcohol beside her. When this was presented to him, he became so enraged that he foreclosed the mortgage, took possession of the property, and drove her out to a charity hospital, where she soon died of neglect and a broken heart.

The hand was at once hidden out of sight in a secret cabinet in the wall, but the doctor was not allowed to forget it. Soon after the unfortunate girl's death, he was awakened every night at the stroke of twelve by a white-robed figure with large, sad eyes stretching toward him a mutilated arm and saying in the most mournful tones, "Please give me back my hand; I cannot rest in my grave until I get it."

These ghostly visitations so weighed upon the doctor's mind already overwrought by the con-

sciousness of his guilt, that he became hopelessly insane and was taken to the asylum nearby, where he afterwards died in agony.

Many years later, when the beautiful girl and the fiendish doctor had been forgotten, a new owner was having one of the walls repaired and happened upon the secret cabinet containing the amputated hand, then a mere mass of skin and bone. The discovery being noised abroad by the workmen, the place became generally known as "The Hidden Hand," and was said to be haunted.

CHAPTER XIV

The English Language

Animals have a language, both spoken and written; the former rather well developed, the latter rudimentary. When a mother hen looks up at the sky and gives a peculiar squawk, her chickens run to cover; when a dog gnawing a bone growls angrily and the hair rises on his back, it is both a warning and a sign for other dogs to keep away.

Human speech probably originated in simple sounds imitating the cries of animals and other natural noises. Written language was at first picture-writing; the picture of an ox, of a house, etc. Gradually these complicated pictures were simplified and some of them reduced to letters, forming an alphabet. The ox was represented by its head alone, then by a few lines showing the horns and the general shape of the face, and finally, perhaps, by the letter A, which got turned upside down. In the same way, the letter B may have been derived from the picture of a house.

All letters were capitals at first, because they were cut in straight lines on stone, bone, or wood.

When simpler and more rapid methods of writing, on parchment, papyrus, etc. were devised, the small letters originated; these being only an attempt to reproduce the main elements of the capitals in current, connected form. The letter B was easily reproduced in two loops, but the letter A lost its prominent point in the process.

The Aryan, or Indo-European, family of languages, to which our language belongs, includes Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Russian, Celtic, Latin, and Teutonic as its main divisions. All of these languages have certain words and forms in common, showing that the people who used them were originally the same race; but that the primitive speech was radically changed after migration from the original home. There were at first three numbers, singular, dual, and plural; and eight cases, each with its characteristic ending. Grammar was difficult in those days —so difficult that the evil began early to correct itself and the language has been dropping cases and endings ever since. In the primitive speech, "father" meant "provider," and "sister," "the sweet one;" and these words are found essentially unchanged in all derivatives of the Aryan tongue.

Other families of speech, like the Semitic, including Assyrian, Arabic, and Hebrew, and the Turan-

ian, used by the Hungarians, Turks, etc., show no relationship to the Aryan, which indicates that the chief migrations from the cradle of the human race in Southern Asia to Africa, the Orient, and elsewhere occurred before any very definite form of language had been developed.

The Teutonic branch of the Aryan family of languages includes the Gothic, now extinct, the Scandinavian, the German, the Dutch, and the English, which last originated in England as Anglo-Saxon and underwent many changes before it became the English of modern times.

In the year 449 A. D., some Angles, Saxons, and Jutes living about the mouths of the Elbe crossed over to Britain and conquered the Celts. The characters they used were runes, but they soon adopted the Roman alphabet, adding to it two of their letters, both of which are represented in modern English by *th.*

Anglo-Saxon literature is very scanty, consisting chiefly of the epic poem, "Beowulf," some Bible narratives by Caedmon, the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," and translations from the Latin by King Alfred. The language remained essentially the same in form until the Norman Conquest, although

considerable additions were made to its vocabulary. A few Celtic names of places, such as *avon* for "river," *ben* for "peak," and *tre* for "village," still persist. Many more Latin words came into use because the church service and the best literature were in Latin.

Scandinavian elements were introduced by the Danes, who began raiding the island in 787 and finally succeeded in conquering it, but made no effort to impose their language on the inhabitants. Names of towns ending in *-by*, *-thorp*, *-toft*, and *-thwaite* are Danish.

The defeat at Hastings in 1066 opened the way to the Normans, who were Northmen by blood but French by adoption, and French became the language of the educated classes, with far-reaching effects on the Anglo-Saxon tongue. It was only by weight of numbers that the original speech was saved from complete degradation; and it was not until England and France were separated politically and writers like Langland, Wycliffe, Gower, and Chaucer had established a reputable literature that the triumph of English over French was complete

"Ge-wat tha ofer waeg-holm' winde ge-fysed
Flota famig-heals' fugle gelicost."

Anglo-Saxon

Went then over the sea-wave, wind-impelled,
The boat with bow of foam, likest a bird.

"The elf queen with hir joly compaignye,
Daunced ful ofte in many a grene mede;"
Chaucer

The elf-queen with her jolly company,
Danced full oft in many a green mead;

But it was not the English of Anglo-Saxon times. It had changed under French influence from a synthetic language to an analytic one; it had given up many native words and replaced them with French terms; and it had lost many formative suffixes, and self-explaining compounds such as exist in the German of today. The persistence of dialects was only natural, but the Midland became the language of literature when Chaucer used it.

With the fall of Constantinople in 1453, releasing and distributing Greek manuscripts; the introduction of printing by Caxton in 1476; the publication of Dr. Johnson's dictionary in 1755; the increasing ease of travel and business communication; the production and wide dissemination of a wonderful literature; and the development of great and worthy nations using this language; the triumph of English

over the other languages of the world seems now to be assured.

On Marking Books

It is an excellent habit, either in studying or reading, to mark one's books so that the important things stand out prominently. In this way, they are impressed on the mind and more easily remembered, and can, moreover, be readily reviewed for recitation, examination, or for use at some subsequent time. The habit of classifying knowledge according to its importance is splendid training and conduces to a clearer and more orderly mental arrangement of any subject. These remarks do not apply to borrowed books!

The Choice of Words

The right word in the right place is like a well selected ring on the proper finger; it is fitting, it is pleasing, and it conveys the correct meaning in a direct way.

A man of rather ordinary ability, who was in prison, began a letter to his friend, as follows: "Me and my wife had a divergence."

A colored mammy of somewhat mature years

and wide experience with "husbands" asked a school girl to write a letter for her to her beau.

"How shall I begin it, Aunt Dinah?" inquired the youthful scribe.

"How erbout *howsumebbah*? I tink dat is a good word," Aunt Dinah replied.

CHAPTER XV

How to Live Wisely

A brief outline is here given of what the Naturalist learned about this important subject and tried to teach his pupils.

When we study the wonderfully complex and varied parts of the human body, some of them almost inconceivably delicate, we marvel that they can all work together harmoniously for a single day without something going wrong.

> "Strange that a harp of a thousand strings
> Should keep in tune so long."

The Value of Health

It is difficult to realize how fundamental and far-reaching is the blessing of health until one has lost it. Health should be cherished above wealth, learning, fame—everything except character; because it is necessary to the enjoyment and proper use of most other blessings and is the first round in the ladder of success in almost any field.

The successful man keeps on hand a surplus of vital energy which carries him through all difficul-

ties; while the man whose system is poisoned succumbs to the least obstacle. To live a healthy life is in the reach of everyone, even if it is hard to be civilized and healthy at the same time. By attending properly to one's food, drink, air, work, play, rest, and mental equilibrium, it is possible to live long and happily and accomplish much more than the average man or woman.

"The requisites of health are plain enough. Regular habits, daily exercise, cleanliness, and moderation in all things—in eating as well as in drinking—would keep most people well."

Lubbock

Food

Food should be simple, natural, clean, well selected, used in moderation, chewed well, and eaten under pleasant conditions. White bread and white sugar are unnatural; a dinner of meat and little else is unbalanced; when one feels lazy, let him skip a meal; if one has no friends at his table, let him read an interesting book. Enough should be eaten to maintain the proper weight. Mental work requires less food than physical. It is unwise to eat much just before or just after hard work.

The selection of food is very important. The teeth and jaws require hard food; the stomach and

intestines bulky food; the digestive juices certain raw foods, such as lettuce, fruits, nuts, and milk; the nerves whole wheat, oats, cream, and eggs; and the large intestine buttermilk, to control the harmful bacteria and enable one to live to a ripe old age.

The ordinary sedentary person needs about 2,500 calories a day, of which only 250 should be protein, but the average person eats enough meat, eggs, cheese, beans, etc., to furnish two or three times that amount. This is not only expensive, but decidedly harmful, since it throws too much work on the liver and kidneys and is apt to fill the system with putrefactive poisons.

A wholesome and well-balanced dinner would consist of soup, meat or fish, bread, potatoes, spinach, lettuce with oil and lemon juice, and custard. If candy is eaten at all, it should be only after the evening meal. Meat once a day is quite sufficient, and some experts believe that to be too much. In arranging a varied menu, the following list, each article of which contains 100 calories of food value, may be helpful by way of suggestion:

An ordinary thick slice of bread, a large potato, an ordinary side-dish of sweet corn, a very large dish of oatmeal, a small slice of sponge-cake, one

third of an ordinary piece of pie, one and a half lumps of sugar, 4 prunes, 8 pecans, 2 apples, one large banana, a large orange, an ordinary pat of butter, one fourth of a glass of cream, a small glass of milk, a large egg, and a small lamb chop.

Little Annie announced to the visiting minister: "Mommer'll be down just as soon as she puts in her company teeth."

The thrifty housewife who kept summer boarders provided her guests with yellow glasses when she had white butter on the table.

"A well-governed stomach is a great part of liberty."
Seneca

Drink

The best and safest of all drinks is pure water, which should be taken in quantity; on rising, at meals, between meals, and before retiring. Cold or hot, freestone or limestone, spring water or mineral water, the main thing is to drink water. Hot water is a great stimulant to the liver, kidneys, and skin when there are poisons to be eliminated from the system. Alcohol, coffee, and tea are also stimulants, but have a harmful effect because they are poisonous. If the habit of drinking them is never formed,

one will avoid the trouble and anxiety caused by trying to break the habit and failing.

A Dry Joke

The driest joke in town was said to be: "An Irishman and a Scotchman went into a saloon, and the Irishman had no money."

Spirits of Contradiction

When the hour for voting arrived, the law-maker from E——— rose heavily from his slumbers and inquired, "How did Bill Sykes vote?" * * * * * "Well, put me down on the other side." Then he went back to sleep until time for the next ballot.

"In the end the just and temperate man alone is happy."
Plato

Air

Pure air is to the lungs what pure food and water are to the stomach. Each one of us breathes in about 60 hogsheads of air in 24 hours. When walking at the average speed, we take in three times as much air as when sitting still; and when running the difference is much greater.

Rooms should be ventilated by window-boards and electric fans so that the air will not be overheated and impure, but cool and fresh. Tobacco smoke, the use of feather dusters, and gas burners

vitiate the air; while sunshine drives out dampness and kills germs. All the windows of the bedroom should be opened wide at night. If possible, one should sleep out-of-doors.

Clothing, as well as bedding, should be loose and porous so that the air may reach the skin. Cotton and linen, rather than wool, are now favored for underwear, with warmer garments above. Air-baths, taken during the morning gymnastics and while preparing to dress, are helpful.

The open air is a great tonic. Stand at a window or step out on the porch and take a few slow, deep breaths several times a day, if you cannot live in the open air. Deep breathing exercises not only feed the lungs but also develop them and the muscles of the chest and abdomen. Reading aloud and singing are also excellent. Lift the chest, take a full breath and hold it, then breathe out slowly. It gives one assurance, calmness, and mental poise, and is one of the best cures for nervousness and embarrassment.

Colds

Bacteria causing colds make their attacks when the resistance of the body is lowered. If the skin is hardened by cool baths and exposure to air by

means of loose clothing, the air bath, and properly ventilated rooms; if the system is free from poisons due to overeating and irregular habits, and not depressed by fatigue; the chances of catching cold are greatly lessened. When one "feels a cold coming on," the best thing to do is to take a hot foot-bath or a hot bath all over, a thorough purge, some hot flaxseed tea, and wrap up warm in bed, after having the neck and chest rubbed with camphorated oil. A little albolene or vaseline in the nostrils will prevent irritation of the delicate mucous membranes, where a cold usually starts. A change of clothing after perspiring or getting wet will prevent lowering the vitality of the skin, which often induces a cold.

In the long, long ago, a King called his wise men about him and said, "You must prepare me immediately something to say that will be appropriate for any occasion or condition, in sickness or health, joy or sorrow, poverty or riches, success or misfortune. If you fail, I will cut all your heads off."

The wise men were filled with consternation and could neither eat nor sleep; but, after days of anxiety and discouragement, they had the good fortune to hit upon an answer which pleased the King and saved their lives. It was, "This, too, shall pass away."

Cleanliness

Cleanliness should begin within the body, where

the important vital organs are located. The chief source of danger to them is from putrefactive poisons in the intestines due to undigested food and the slow removal of waste products. The elimination of these poisons may be accelerated by drinking plenty of water, especially on rising in the morning; by eating laxative foods, such as fresh fruits, fresh vegetables, prunes, figs, whole wheat bread, and agar-agar; by eating less protein food, which produces the poisons; by massage, regular habits, mineral oil, an erect posture when walking and sitting down; and by exercise, deep breathing, and other means of promoting health. The putrefactive germs may be controlled to a certain extent by drinking buttermilk.

The mouth, teeth, tongue, and throat should be kept clean and in good condition, or they will poison both the food and the blood. Brush the gums and teeth on rising and retiring and after each meal, removing particles of food with dental floss. Brush the tongue also, avoiding touching the roof of the mouth. The acid of fresh fruits taken just after dinner is excellent for the teeth. Have the roots of the teeth examined by the X-ray and treated or removed to prevent infection causing rheumatism, neuritis, and other serious troubles.

The skin should be kept clean for many reasons, although elimination through the skin is not considered as important as formerly. Regular and thorough bathing, exercise and special baths for perspiration, and an air bath followed by a good rub every morning ought to be sufficient.

Germs enter the body chiefly in air through the nose and in food and drink through the mouth. These entrances should be carefully guarded. Germs are often introduced on the hands, which should be kept clean, especially about mealtime, and kept away from the mouth and nostrils.

With all our precautions, some germs are certain to get into the body, but the white corpuscles, the digestive juices, and other natural defenses of the system will keep them under control if in a healthy condition. If we keep well, we will not get sick.

Aunt Dinah was giving vent to her opinion and feelings regarding a certain colored traveling agent. "Trablin man! Trablin man!" she exclaimed in disgust. "All de trablin he's ever did was on a cake uv soap in de bafftub, an he hain't done but mighty little uv dat!"

Exercise

Regular exercise of some kind is necessary to health. Walking, running, hill-climbing, swimming,

horseback riding, gardening, playing games of various kinds according to one's fitness and taste, and other forms of physical exertion in the open air are excellent if not overdone.

Suitable indoor exercise is more difficult to find. Light calisthenics for ten minutes on rising in the morning, with plenty of deep breathing, is probably the best for a start. Indian clubs, chest weights, a rowing machine, a medicine ball, and other simple mechanical devices will suggest themselves to almost anyone.

A quiet walk of half an hour after each meal promotes digestion. Whatever form the exercise takes, it should be done with the whole body, without stiffness or jerks, thus developing freedom, coordination, and grace.

The maintenance of an erect attitude is very important. It is difficult to realize fully just what this has meant to the human race. With the arms released from the duty of walking, they became special assistants and almost partners of the brain in all its activities and development.

The spirit of real determination is well illustrated in the case of the two frogs that fell into a large can half filled with milk. One of them, feeling that its struggles

would be useless, turned on its back and gave up the ghost; but the other, being made of sterner stuff, kept kicking away until it churned a mass of butter, from which it leaped to freedom.

"Education in any line is conscious training of mind and body to act unconsciously."

William George Jordan

"Art is feeling passed through thought and fixed in form."

Delsarte

"The aim of the Delsartean gymnastics is to give symmetrical physical development, and to take out the angles and discords, to reduce the body to a natural, passive state, and from that point to train it to move in harmony with nature's laws. The movements are without nervous tension, and all feats and exertions are discouraged."

Frederic Sanburn

Rest

Change of work, change of scene, laughter, music, the enthusiasm of sport, a first-class hobby when not ridden too hard, and many other forms of recreation may be forms of rest. The librarian enjoys a game of tennis; while the farmer loves a rainy day, when he can whittle sticks and read the papers. The weak or nervous person needs to lie down frequently and take it easy, and it is well for everybody to practise the habit of relaxing often, even when walking.

"We have had something too much of the gospel of work; it is time to preach the gospel of relaxation."

Herbert Spencer

"Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes
The student's wiser business; the brain
That forages all climes to line its cells,
Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish,
Will not distil the juices it has sucked
To the sweet substance of pellucid thought,
Except for him who hath the secret learned
To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take
The wind into his pulses."

Lowell

A very small girl who was caught up a June-apple tree in a neighbor's orchard said, "I just got up here to rest."

The best form of rest is sleep, which is nature's great restorer. Every individual needs from seven to nine hours of sound, dreamless sleep every night. Sleep comes most easily and does the most good when the brain is free from excess of blood and the stomach comparatively empty. If wakeful, read or think about something pleasant; or try a good warm bath. If the feet get cold, keep a blanket on the radiator and wrap them up in it, bringing a feeling of comfort and drawing the blood from the head.

On Going To Sleep

Imagine a bleak mountain top with huge rocks jutting out of the snow and a few spruce trees shivering in the winter wind. You have been following a bear all day, but now it is dark and you can no longer see his tracks. Besides, you must rest and sleep if the bear is to be overtaken next day. Between a rocky ledge and a clump of spruces, you build a fire of birch logs, and the sight of the cheerful, crackling flames sends a feeling of warmth clean through your wet, tired body. Then you break an armful of spruce boughs and spread them in front of the fire for a bed. Lying there, with your feet to the fire, you get out some parched corn and cheese and bacon and melt some snow in your drinking-cup. After the bacon has been broiled on birch twigs and the cheese toasted before the coals, supper is slowly eaten and finished off with an apple.

It is not long before the sweet influence of the fire and the soothing effect of the food cause your head to droop and your eyelids to gently close. You are in the land of dreams before you know it. * * * * It may have been minutes or it may have been hours, but your feet are cold and there is a chilly feeling along the upper part of your

spine, as though the cover had slipped down. Now fully awake, you find the fire nearly out and a sharp wind blowing through the spruce trees at your back. After more birch logs have been piled on the fire, and a windbreak has been made of spruce boughs, and your back has been thoroughly warmed, you turn over to the original, comfortable position with your feet to the fire and your eyes looking up at the stars. * * * * And here the story ends, because there is nothing more to tell.

We all have our little pet ways of going to sleep. The Naturalist has conjured up the above picture many a night for many a year, and it has rarely failed to have the desired effect.

Work

The purpose of all our preparation is to accomplish something. What good is an engine, no matter how shining and well oiled, if it never pulls a train! And, besides, accomplishment is the only thing that really satisfies the human mind.

To find out what we want to do, what we are best fitted to do, what we can do, that will best develop our powers and unselfishly serve the interests of humanity, is our first duty. A worthy ambition is a good thing; so are initiative, determination, en-

durance, and concentration. All successful men work with intensity, having a fixed goal in view. The trifles that turn aside the average man have no power over them. One of our best experts on this subject has said:

"Efficiency is the power of doing one's most and best, in the shortest time and easiest way, to the satisfaction of all concerned."

This means that we must not only work hard, but get along well with others; through tact, courtesy, tolerance, and sympathy. Much energy is wasted in idle gossip, quarrels, rackets, and other forms of friction among workers.

If one has to control and direct the work of others, let him be earnest and calm, and endeavor by every means to promote good feeling and cooperation. Superior talents are often coupled with a sensitive temperament. So true is this that one writer has called sensitiveness a measure of power. Another author claims that misunderstanding is the cause of all misery and failure. The man needing praise is scolded instead; the man who can do one thing well is put at something else; and the man who has initiative and executive ability is so hampered by petty authority that all his capacity goes for nothing.

"Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality."

Ruskin

"Most people are capable of more than they think they are."

Delsarte

"In every undertaking examine first your own strength, next the enterprise, and third, the persons with whom you have to do. Of these the first is the most important."

Seneca

"The reward of a thing well done, is to have done it."

Seneca

Being on Time

We have reached a point in the world's history where promptness is necessary. Human society is geared together nowadays and a cog out of place may mean the stopping of a whole machine.

It is no longer fashionable to be late, and the woman who keeps a caller waiting very many times will soon be waiting herself.

Fortunately, there are three simple rules that will insure promptness. The first and most important is to start on time. Second, after you start, keep moving. Third, allow for slips.

The man or woman who is habitually late is either

very lazy or very selfish, and both amount to the same thing. Getting up ten minutes earlier in the morning may change the complexion of the whole day, producing a feeling of confidence and mental poise in place of an excited and disturbed state of mind.

"Let's take the instant by the forward top."
Shakespeare

The Swastika

Good luck needs no symbol; when it comes, it is sufficient in itself, and when it does not come there seems to be no sure way of invoking it. Nevertheless, this ancient Aryan emblem of good luck, founded on superstition and handed down by tradition from the later stone age, has fascinated and cheered mankind in all ages and lands and still has power to charm.

In India, Asia Minor, Greece, England, Sweden, Mexico, and many other countries, it has been found carved or drawn on bones, stones, and pieces of wood. Its real origin no one can guess, but it seems fair to assume that the early use of the zigzag line, together with the knowledge of the square and the plain cross, must have had something to do with the invention of the swastika. It may have been hit upon accidently, or a clever designer may

have crossed two zigzags or inscribed a cross in a square and cut out portions of the border to suit his taste. But, whatever its origin, it evidently pleased the eye from the start, and has retained its form and charm through untold ages.

"The wise man rules his stars, the fool obeys them."

Lavater

"Bear with patience the lot assigned thee, for what thou callest fortune, is from God."

Pythagoras

CHAPTER XVI

CHARACTER

ONE'S character depends upon what he is born with and what he makes himself under the influence of surroundings and associations. If one has the right point of view, a strong will, good motives, and good companions, his character is practically safe. If the will is weak, it must be strengthened by exercising it. One should faithfully endeavor to depend upon himself; to be thoroughly reliable; to control himself; and to be kind to everyone, at all times.

Self-reliance is very different from self-conceit, and it does not preclude good advice at the proper time; but a man has really to fight most of his battles alone. Depending on one's self makes one stronger; deciding questions for one's self develops the judgment; having faith in one's abilities, opportunities, and ultimate success makes that success more certain.

All men are divided into two kinds, the reliable and the unreliable. It is a great thing to be dependable, and to have dependable friends and associates. Promptness, truthfulness, honesty, fitness, loyalty,

are above price. A tree is known by its fruits. I care not what a man professes to be; let him show it by his life and works.

Self-control saves many heart-burnings and many shipwrecks. The temper, the tongue, the thoughts, the habits, need to be guarded continually. It takes practice to prevent anger, envy, discontent, worry, and undue ambition. Discontent is often due to poor health, but not always. One must practice serenity of mind and physical repose; one must moderate his desires, lest over-anxiety bring failure; one must be ready to accept cheerfully what comes when he has done his best.

"We are not to be anxious about living, but about living well; and to live well is to live honorably and justly.
Socrates

The golden rule of kindness includes nearly all other rules of character. Kind thoughts, kind words, and kind acts make life worth living. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" shows what kindness will do. Politeness without sincerity is good, but how far it falls short of the real politeness based on unselfish interest in others!

It is a pity to have to say it, but there is a limit to kindness. Some metals are so base that even

the Philosophers' Stone cannot change them. Drunkards and other drug fiends, or persons filled with loathsome diseases, cannot be reformed by love or marriage; the spirit and intent of a hardened burglar cannot be changed by a little maudlin sentiment and a cup of tea. Kindness should be withheld where it would fall on a desert; it is not right that the deserving and undeserving should be treated exactly alike.

Inquisitiveness

"Who made me, mother?" asked little Sammy.
"The Lord made you, darling."
"Well, who's goin' to take me apart, then?"

Making Excuses

The young man who had an excuse for everything said that he failed on his examination the day before because he went to night school and didn't know anything in the daytime.

The Open Mind

Four blind men went to "see" an elephant. One had been told that it was like a house, and he was satisfied when he felt of the ribs (rafters); another expected a stack-pole and found the snout; to the third it had been described as a tree, and he gloried in the stocky leg, increasing in size at the ground; while the fourth, in looking

for fans, found the elephant's ears. All four went away saying, "How accurate the description!"

Moral: One usually finds what he looks for.

Sincerity

An aged negro, named Joshua, was in the habit of praying fervently each evening, "Please, Mars Angel Gabriel, come take Uncle Joshua home." Some mischievous boys in the neighborhood heard his prayer one night and decided to answer it. After he had repeated the usual request several times, one of the boys said in a muffled voice, "This is the Angel Gabriel come to take Uncle Joshua home." "Uncle Joshua! Uncle Joshua!" exclaimed the old man excitedly, "Dat niggah done been gone fum heah dese tree weeks!"

A Habit

An Irishman was in the witness box and the opposing lawyer was trying to make him bring out in his testimony just what a miracle was. "Suppose you were on the top of a house," said the lawyer, "and you fell off and got up and walked away without the least pain. What would that be?" "An accident," said Pat. "But, suppose you were on top of that house the next day, ten stories up in the air, and fell right down on the street without even feeling a shock. What would you call that?" "A coincidence," said Pat, unmoved. "But," insisted the lawyer, "suppose you were on the roof of that same house the following day, twenty stories above the street, and you fell down on the hard stone sidewalk, head first, and

didn't even realize that you had fallen. What, in heaven's name, would you call that?" "A habit," answered the imperturbable Pat.

Character Hints From Shakespeare

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgments."

"This above all,—To thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

"To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw more mischief on."

"Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough."

"What's gone, and what's past help
Should be past grief."

"Love all, trust a few
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key,"

"The better part of valour is—discretion."

"Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

"That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who's so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?"

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man!"

Beauty

The ancient Greeks worshipped beauty, and their great attainments in personal physique, art, and literature were largely due to keeping this ideal before them. Keats expressed their point of view when he wrote:

"'Beauty is truth, truth beauty',—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."
Keats

In modern times, the pendulum has swung toward utility; and the effect of beautiful objects and beautiful surroundings on the development of character, especially while children are being educated, is too often not realized or not appreciated.

Personal beauty is a great gift, and need never become a curse unless one yields to flattery and temptation. If a vain and foolish woman can have such influence for bad on account of her beauty, think how great must be the power wielded for good

by a beautiful woman who is also modest and wise! The beautiful child is born to a high estate and must live up to it; by hard work, by great regard for the feelings of others, and by true and honorable actions. "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." Think of the joy that beauty gives when not marred by selfishness! Even to gaze upon a lovely, unspotted flower brings gladness to many hearts.

There is another side to this question that must not be overlooked. If this gift of beauty is not properly used, it will be taken away. If the lovely girl is to become a lovely woman, beauty of character must grow as her body grows, otherwise her features will change and the selfish spirit and ugly disposition will show through. Physical beauty may be marred not only by a haughty curl of the lip or a cruel stare, but also by a scornful gesture, a harsh word, or any other expression of an unattractive soul. How often is it true that a woman loses her beauty the moment she opens her mouth!

"Virtue beautifies the whole person of him who possesses it."

Confucius

"Each man's soul changes, according to the nature of his deeds, for better or for worse."

Plato

Eugenics

Ada Juke was the ancestor of 1,200 persons, 1,000 of whom were idiots, criminals, or degenerates. The good people of New York State had to endure these persons and also pay $1,200,000 to care for them and repair the injury they did. Is it any wonder that laws are strongly urged to prevent the continuation of such defective people?

Eugenics is the science of improving the breed in human beings by the control of heredity and the rearing of children under the best conditions. Mental ability, as well as physical, depends on heredity, or the combination of traits from various ancestors. If cousins marry, their strong traits will be doubled, but their weak traits likewise; it is much better to select a mate who is strong in what the other lacks.

Some traits are dominant for one generation, but the weaknesses will crop out in succeeding generations. If a black-eyed man marries a blue-eyed woman, all their children will be more or less black-eyed. If two feeble-minded persons marry, their offspring will all be feeble-minded. If an able-minded man marries a feeble-minded woman, the first generation will be able-minded, but later generations will show a certain percentage of feeble-mindedness.

It is often claimed by the young and wilful that one doesn't have to marry a whole family, but he does, nevertheless. Boys and girls should be taught enough about the principles of eugenics to guide them in fitting themselves for parenthood and in recognizing this fitness in others. If properly educated, they can be trusted to follow their own feelings in selecting life companions.

CHAPTER XVII

A Love Story in Outline

This outline was given by the Naturalist to his English class for amplification; an exercise which appealed to them very strongly.

A blue-eyed, golden-haired Girl was sitting in a tree in Tennessee with a peach as large as an orange in each hand and perfect happiness in her eyes. The next day, her father moved to Washington on official business and the Girl's horizon was changed from mountain ranges to level fields filled with houses. When she had finished high school in Washington, she was sent to a boarding-school in Staunton to complete her education.

A Boy with dark eyes and hair was bidding his playmates goodbye because the family was moving to Blacksburg, where he was to enter college. Five years later, he again said goodbye and took the train for Ashland, to spend three years at Randolph-Macon. During his last year, he wrote an article for the *Monthly* entitled "The Girl I Want," and signed it "Sigma." There was considerable ques-

tioning about the college as to who Sigma was, and more about the impossibly perfect girl whom he would most certainly never find.

Four years later, Sigma met a train in Staunton loaded with school girls and saw among them the Girl he wanted. At college, he had carried a rather heavy "calico ticket," and at Bowling Green he had associated daily with all kinds of charming girls, but thus far his heart had recognized no favorite.

Then began the battle between head and heart, which was destined to be a rather long struggle, but of certain result. With a normal man and the right kind of a girl, the heart is sure to win in the end.

The head rejoiced when the Girl selected the B. S. course, including all the natural sciences; while the heart said secretly:

> "What could he less than love a maid
> Whose heart with so much nature play'd—"

The head was unnecessarily strict in calling on the Girl for the hardest parts of the recitations and marking her severely; while the heart looked out of the eyes occasionally in a way that was meant to explain and atone for the head's harsh treatment.

Of course, the other girls talked a little, but only

jokingly and never about the right girl. Only a kind-hearted old matron of much experience began to be suspicious of the true state of affairs and arranged little parties and outings of various teachers and pupils, which always included, strange to say, one particular Girl with blue eyes and golden hair.

There was an excursion down the Valley Pike after strawberries, and the Girl sat on the front seat while Sigma drove,—and the Girl's hands were cold —and the night was rather dark.

There was a collecting trip to the Far Woods and a big fence to climb. The Girl came over last and caught her foot and fell into Sigma's willing arms.

It was a kind of destiny gradually unfolding, which no stoicism or other philosophy or reason could control. Given two congenial souls, and propinquity is all that Mother Nature requires—she will do the rest.

The Halloween party brought the climax; a shimmering white gown and masses of golden hair hanging down in the old-fashioned way completely turned Sigma's head;—and the heart had been waiting long.

A little talk—a question—a shy answer— and Sigma's love began to bubble up and swell into a

torrent, which carried him just anywhere. He walked by day, and dreamed and tossed by night. He was the happiest man on earth.

When would he forget the day that the Girl leaned on his breast, and put her arm about his neck, and buried her beautiful, crimson face, with the blue eyes, out of sight! What grace, and heart, and warm femininity! What a pure, true affection!

Everything he had was just turned over to the Girl:—ambitions, possessions, heart, reputation, and all! The Girl was the dearest, sweetest thing. Not an ungentle thing did she ever do. She was pure as the snow, but warm like wool; and his love for her was just like her. What a change a few days can make! There he was, studying books on love, and seeking matrimonial advice.

Dr. Boyd preached the betrothal sermon from Corinthians 13. It was a *lovely* sermon. Think of betrothal! The Girl was almost twenty, and he was just twenty-seven. Weary, wandering heart find rest. All the love poetry had a heart in it now. That walk to and from Mrs. Smart's was a *lovely* walk. The golden autumn seemed to shower its blessings upon the two. The harvest moon was late coming up.

[*An interval of four months elapses*]

How they have grown since then! How what was then begun has swept far beyond the then-appointed bounds, and carried two hearts united with it! Ah, the joy of loving—and the happiness of being loved! Life has become love, and to love is to live. The joys that the angels know have been let down to earth. Love is indeed one of Eden's flowers that still blooms in its freshness and beauty to bless this world of ours.

As Sigma learned more of his loved one, she became more his own. He lived for her; she was his very life. How could he exist but in her sight! How could his blood circulate without a heart! Nothing was too high or too low for him; nothing too early or too late. Spring and autumn were both, and forever, spring.

His happiest Christmas passed by on swift wings at a little village near Washington. The days since then also passed away without farewells. The snows still fell and the stars still twinkled and the rivers ran on to the sea as of old, but something strangely new and wonderful had grown into his life before which old ideas, opinions, and theories bowed in servile allegiance to their rightful lord.

Love must come into noble life, and when it comes it is only to make that life many times more noble. Life without love is a dreary waste; love comes with fragrant flowers and golden fruit. Love strengthens the hand, cheers the heart, warms the head, and lifts the soul toward heavenly joys.

CHAPTER XVIII

Condensed Paragraphs

In the case of a sermon, the minister selects a text and expounds from it for an hour, more or less, until nothing is left unexposed. A certain famous French author had the habit of doing the reverse, first writing the sermon and then gradually trimming it down by cutting out all the non-essential parts until only a pithy paragraph remained. Proverbs, maxims, and other sayings are usually understood without much difficulty, but sometimes they prove, like condensed air and pellets of food, rather rich for ordinary consumption, and have to be diluted.

The English class was given exercises in amplifying and abstracting, and it was interesting to observe the different results obtained, largely depending on the power of the imagination. The Naturalist tried a few proverbs and maxims himself, just expressing clearly in as few words as possible whatever thought happened to come to him on a given subject; as, for example:

The tree gathers strength in time of sunshine to withstand the storm.

There is one sure road to beauty: Be good.

Strength transcends weakness in lack of effort.

We cannot influence others for good unless we love them.

The best way to get along with a woman, either male or female, is to agree with her.

Leaving umbrellas around promiscuously is a sure sign of a generous disposition.

More people love each other in a church choir than in any other form.

A tree grows higher than a shrub because it has only one trunk.

Anger is like an explosion on a battleship; if you injure and lose control of yourself, the enemy wins the fight.

Men's dispositions vary like their watches.

People who use the most bluff sometimes allow it to blind them to the bluffs of others; as a ship is blinded by her own smoke screen.

Genius is an incessant inward urge toward a cer-

tain kind of work, which makes one like it and keep at it.

Work and success bring happiness.

Trust your buggy or your girl with your best friend, but never trust them both.

All men are unreliable sometimes,—except printers.

The idler is twice a criminal; he wastes his own time and makes others waste theirs.

George Washington could not tell a lie; which is proof positive that he was never in the real estate or automobile business.

The way of the reformer is hard—so hard that he often becomes discouraged and disgusted and needs reforming himself.

A bad habit is better broken than kept.

Cultivating a voice is like raising potatoes: one has to do a lot of working, weeding, enriching, watering, and spraying; but he starts with a mere fragment and rolls out a dozen good round ones at the end of the season.

It is much easier to keep out of trouble than to get out.

The Goddess Success steps down from her throne to welcome and crown the optimist; but the pessimist never even gets in sight of her and would not recognize her if he did.

It is our usual everyday experience that idle moments are not happy ones.

The present and the future are tied back to the past.

A life or a job becomes harder and more complex with years because the past enters in and makes its demands.

Youth is the season for accomplishment, even though experience and judgment are lacking. When a man has attained success, his real and enforced obligations to others leave him little time for anything else.

The man who lacks confidence in the honesty and ability of his associates is surely piling up for himself a lot of trouble.

Self-esteem is a big factor in happiness, and it depends on how far we make good our pretensions.

There is no other tonic so powerful as the confident expectation of success.

He who has no darling work misses one of the deepest joys of life.

Men may be measured by the way they accept disappointment.

While there's change there's hope.

Better be a pin-point than a pin-head: but why be either?

Some people earn the right to be annoying, while others assume it.

Rough manners often hide warm hearts; just as rocky streams sometimes yield good fishing.

Mountains get larger, great men smaller, as we approach them.

Beauty without wisdom is like a flower without fragrance.

Perfume does not make the man.

Habitual deceivers never fool anybody but themselves.

Things are not necessarily the same because they came in the same box.

Be good and you are already great; stay so, and you will be a hero.

A shallow vessel empties itself quickly, completely, and with great splashing.

Small shadows stand out clearly in quiet waters.

The upturned bottle is emptied with much noise.

As small hills loom large on a misty day, so small problems seem difficult to the clouded brain and small worries unbearable to the troubled heart.

The simpleton butts his head against a stone wall; the ordinary man climbs over it or goes around it; the wise man foresees it and takes another road.

The selfish man begins an enterprise by driving away the very friends he needs to make it a success.

A good umbrella seems to fit almost anybody.

There is an easiest time to do everything; for dishes, it is right away.

Because children love to paddle in the water is no sign that they want to keep their clothes clean.

The small dog makes the most noise and the small rooster does the most strutting.

Coming events cast their sunshine as well as their shadows before.

To injure or waste our physical or mental energies

in any way is "dissipation," of which alcoholism is only an aggravated form.

If you expect your rival to love you, don't throw the cat in the swimming pool while she is in it.

The bear hunter usually dies of bear.

Selfishness is one of the greatest sins because it is the mother of most of them.

Nature made every man a little selfish for protection, but did not intend him to develop it as a talent. Anyone may keep a watchdog, but a special license is required to keep a kennel.

When people make themselves ridiculous, they must expect to be laughed at. There is no law against a smile.

As the cold, lifeless moon radiates warmth and beauty when smiled upon by the sun, so a heart that is hard will glow with kindness when melted by love.

One of the greatest surprises in going to Europe is to find the same moon over there.

Lying is like coasting; once well started, it may become fast and furious, and even agreeable, but

every foot of the hill has to be re-trod and every lie dragged back to where it originated.

The best liars are not always the best diplomats.

Why waste kindness on barren places, any more than admiration on thorns!

Some desert sands will drink up rivers and still be dry; and some natures will dry up loving hearts and still be deserts.

Do not let what's done mar what's still undone.

Judge, but do not measure, the future by the past.

To be strong and independent, a man doesn't have to drive his lawn-roller over his neighbor's chicken-coop.

When it comes to team-work, fast and moderately well beat out slow and best.

Aim at perfection and do not be disappointed.

To admire at a distance is cold comfort—and better suited to warm climates.

The wise man sees beyond his nose; while the fool stumbles over his toes.

Everything worth while is difficult.

Some strive to keep their hands clean and others to keep them full.

Pure thoughts require a clean mind; milk soon sours in a dirty bottle.

Quick of tongue, always in trouble.

Some people will overturn tables to run down a fly.

It is claimed that every man deserves the truth; but doesn't this depend upon what he wants with it?

Yes and no make poor argument.

Money to a miser is like meat to a kitten; he devours it ravenously, only to become more miserable.

Deeper joys, less noise.

Men can live without relatives but not without friends.

Man was not created to do a day's work in an hour or a week's work in a day;—and it is highly improper to try it.

The sun never sets on one good deed.

One can get neither appreciation nor sympathy out of a pin-head.

Words may fall like pearls or bricks; it depends upon who drops them.

Man stands every moment of his conscious life on the edge of a chasm, across which he throws a foot-bridge of faith and a hand-rail of hope. He soon grows careless of his bridges, but who can say which one of them will fall!

Without memory and faith, how circumscribed our vision would be!

Do we ever stop to realize that no man, however wise or powerful, can by any possibility tell us just what is going to happen the next second?

Only the present is certain, and it, like the sunset, fades while we contemplate it.

It is easy to wear old clothes when one has better.

He who washes a donkey's ears needs plenty of soap.

The independence of riches is greater than riches.

The one who shakes the bush is not the one who shoots the squirrel.

It is the privilege of great men to have great faults.

If you wish a secret kept, why begin by telling it?

Our shadows never represent us truly.

What we have is but dust as we reach out toward what appears to be better.

The one who shakes the tree doesn't always get the fruit.

The wise man needs only a syllable, while a fool wants the entire alphabet.

It is good manners to leave a little unsaid on every subject.

When a man sleeps, he dreams; when he's awake, he hopes.

The best horse seems to get the most whipping.

Where nectar is, there will be bees; and where carrion is, there will be buzzards.

Good men should keep away from evil places; white cats look black in the dark.

A broken basket is a bad thing to take to market

To give praise that is undeserved and to withhold praise that is deserved are alike bad.

Perpetual self-satisfaction is apt to breed contempt for, and in, others.

Never is a long word.

Wisdom is never accidental.

Men generally preach to themselves and judge others by themselves.

Beware of the smooth tongue.

Nature never asks for much.

The girl with only one beau makes a dangerous rival.

When there is discord in music, one looks for a rift in the lute or a string out of tune. In exhibitions of temper, one should follow the same course.

It is human nature to let a little bit of ragged cloud blot out a world of sunshine.

Heavy the hand where heavy the head.

Men who have ceased to deserve respect often try to force it.

Every man exercises an unconscious and involuntary power over his associates, depending chiefly upon his character.

On mountain tops, we are silent.

Silence teaches better things than words.

Youth has a passion for worshipping the nearest human idol.

Our influence is measured by what we actually are.

Many people go out of their way to make themselves ridiculous.

People are flattered not about what they can do but about what they would like to do.

A man exhibits most of his character in a round of golf.

Men oftentimes think more of the winning than the way.

Success in any venture must include honor.

Some people are determined to have their way, even at the price of honor and reputation.

Great souls are known by moderation.

It is hard to be just to our enemies; but still harder to be just to ourselves.

Only the rude and debased will presume upon kindness.

Like a horse caught with an ear of corn, man is continually giving up his freedom to satisfy an appetite.

Happiness should never be sought; it just comes. It has been described as "a flower that blooms along the pathway of duty."

If efficiency impairs our nerves and drives away our friends, give us inefficiency.

A fatal weakness of the egotist is lack of confidence in and dependence on others.

Don't try to fool anybody. If you do, you will be an ostrich and fool yourself.

Don't try to change anybody; because it is impossible. Adapt yourself to them as they are, by adopting their viewpoint for a time.

The fall of a great man, like that of a giant tree, carries death and destruction in its wake.

Knowledge is power. The autocratic system, with all its strength, fails for lack of correct information from without. The All-Highest sits at the center like a huge spider with his fingers on all the wires of his great system; but no one from beyond, either friend or foe, dares approach near to him and tell him the truth.

The single-handed autocrat fails for the same reason. His conceit and self-sufficiency, ever increasing, distort his vision and he sees things out of all proportion, over-estimating himself and under-estimating other people. He even gets to believe

that he is superior to the laws of nature and the fixed principles of human society.

If you want a fine funeral, get run over by a fine hearse.

The politician abominates his own tricks when he sees them reflected in the actions of others.

Bean poles are not all the same height, and bean vines do not all reach the top of the poles they have. This may be due to the seed or to the soil. Heredity and environment affect men in the same way as they do beans.

If a man persists in flanking instead of facing every issue, he will have a long journey through life and little to show at the end of it.

We can forgive those who have wronged us, but never those whom we have wronged. On this account, it is best not to advertise our injuries.

Some men move their houses to avoid worthless trees that hide the view; while other men simply cut down the trees.

Our friends are those who come to see us after a neighborhood quarrel; our enemies stay away, be-

cause conscience makes cowards even of those who seem to be without moral sense.

Bad men, like bad bacteria, soon develop indignation, antagonism, suspicion, hatred, and other forms of antitoxin among their associates and find themselves forced to change their environment.

It is characteristic of a good man to become better as he grows older; and of a bad man to become worse.

Some men deceive themselves at times into believing that they want assistance when what they really want is a good, durable door-mat to wipe their feet on.

The man who neglects his own doorstep gets no credit for the time and effort spent on other doorsteps.

Beware of the narrow man who thinks he is broad.

Beware of the jealous man; for he is a murderer at heart.

Beware of the friend who fails you in a pinch.

Beware of the fool who thinks he is wise.

Beware of the Devil in disguise.

Beware of the man who never forgives.

Beware of the man with a long memory for evil

Beware of the cruel man who pretends to be just.

Beware of the heartless man; for he can hardly be human.

Beware of the liar; for you can not even believe what he doesn't say.

Beware of the moral and physical coward who waits until a man is flat on his back and then strikes.

Beware of the man who must always have his own way.

Beware of the man who thinks himself the Lord Almighty and other men his footstools.

Beware of the man who feeds his private grudge on the ground of public expediency.

Beware of the deceitful man when he treats you well and whispers honied words in your ear.

Beware of the dog in the manger.

The Devil chuckles with glee when he hurts somebody.

The selfish man, when let in out of a storm, im-

mediately shuts the door in the face of those behind him.

A good soldier obeys orders; but it is dreadfully hard to "respect the position" when it is not filled by a respectable man.

Some spoiled children never grow up.

The man who is afraid of his own shadow cannot be expected to stand up before a real man.

A natural history museum has been defined as a place where they keep fossil stones, fossil plants, fossil bones, and fossil men.

The doctor is a humbug to the healthy man until he gets really sick; and the preacher is a humbug to the worldly man until he faces the hereafter.

The conceited man always makes some one else suffer for his own mistakes.

No sane man rebels against authority properly used; only against the abuse of authority.

Some men are like some boards, smooth on the outside and rough on the inside; while in other cases the reverse may be true.

The very refinement of cruelty is not reached when the murderer comes to view the victim's re-

mains and weep over them, but when he puts flowers on his grave.

The man who works himself into a rage to give a simple order is like the freight train that puffs and blows and lets off a lot of steam to get up a little hill.

Economy is all right, but it has its limitations. The man who harps too much on economy is apt to be, or become, stingy. A farmer began to cut down the rations of his horse, first leaving off the oats, then the corn, then the hay; but just about the time he was getting him to a point where he could live without eating, "the darn thing died."

The old, autocratic method of control was to enslave men by keeping them paupers,—and this method still persists in a few benighted corners of the earth. The modern method includes fair treatment, sympathy, and cooperation.

No man is a politician except for selfish purposes.

Spoiled children, both young and old, soon tire of their toys.

He who boasts of his economy will have abundant opportunity to practise it; for even his friends, never

many nor lasting for a stingy man, will be slow to deprive him of this peculiar pleasure.

Why are the meanest, ugliest men often the most conceited? They are simply survivals; those of their kind who had a correct opinion of themselves died long ago of mortification.

He who relies on economy is lost. One tenth the time, trouble, and effort spent in aggressive tactics would render niggardly economy unnecessary. As well might a commander expect to win a battle by saving ammunition.

The bluffer is continually offensive because he knows he is weak on the defensive. A man returning from Europe called the attention of an inspector to some bits of lace on a lady's hat near him; which naturally threw her into a rage. A few days later she received from the man several yards of handsome lace, with a note stating that he was naturally thin, but on the day of their encounter was made up with enough lace to look like Falstaff.

We do not hate those we have ceased to fear; we only despise them.

The thoughtful and self-contained man of affairs

accepts interruptions as breathing spells; the selfish or nervous man takes them as personal insults.

In most matters pertaining to character, a relapse is worse than the disease.

Time taken to grind the axe or whet the blade is far from lost. Exercise and recreation put us on edge for the day's work; education sharpens our wits for the work of life.

Power to fix the attention usually implies the power to unfix it, which is often just as important.

Some lives are like deserts; they have no clouds.

Little hates big and narrow hates broad; this is the way of the world.

The world moves in expanding circles like a fire and what does not move with it is consumed.

Save the room in the bin for the good corn and leave the shucks outside; attend to the realities of life and let creeds be the sport of the winds.

Being forced to work for a living is one of the greatest blessings, and one that is least appreciated.

The rich are unhappy because they wanted money; got it; and found out that instead of being everything it was next to nothing.

Human efficiency may be illustrated by a good lawn-mower; which is strong but light, speedy, sharp, properly adjusted and regulated, well oiled, ball-bearing, and cuts neither too narrow nor too wide a swath.

What cures everything cures nothing.

There is just one little thing we must never forget when we succeed—and that is envy. We must expect it in enemies and neutrals, and it may also explain some things in our friends.

We err grievously every day in attempting to measure the consciences, the opinions, the enjoyments, the dispositions, the abilities, the weaknesses, and the worries of our neighbors with our own pocket rule.

Let people enjoy a little liberty; there is always more than one way of doing a thing, and their way may be just as good as ours.

The biggest quarrels arise from the smallest trifles.

Ninety-nine per cent. of our troubles come from things that don't matter.

Egotism, avarice, deceit, envy, passion, indolence, and unkindness are but forms of selfishness.

The strong man often fails because he dominates and enslaves others; while the wise leader encourages his associates to develop initiative and become real, capable men instead of puppets. The autocrat only runs a Punch and Judy show.

The point of a pin is progressive and, but for the conservative head, might become radical. Every pin, like every man, will stand just so much pressure without becoming crooked.

I can forgive the petty thief who takes my purse, but not the hardened criminal who robs me of my precious moments.

He who speaks last speaks best.

Do not speak until you have something to say, nor until the right moment arrives; then say it modestly, pleasantly, and slowly, in low, distinct tones. Self-control and culture are plainly indicated by the voice.

Evil left to itself often proves its own undoing; just as poison-forming bacteria finally die of their own toxins.

Originality in literature is like a mountain spring, the water of which rises from the ocean as vapor, falls on the earth as rain, and percolates through

many layers of soil and stone before it bubbles up to the surface again. It is the same water, only differently mixed and flavored. Authors obtain their ideas from the same great reservoir, and use their genius to present them in new and attractive forms. It is the same truth, only differently expressed.

Lost money can be replaced, but lost time is gone forever.

Our peculiarities, like river channels, become more pronounced with the lapse of years.

As, in the sunset sky, objects of earth and heaven may take on unreal shapes and become confused; so, in the sunset of life, the real may merge into the ideal and the two become indistinguishable. Compare the beautiful lines of Campbell·

> 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before.

The brilliant crescent about the new moon is sunshine, while the faint luminosity over the rest of its surface is earth-shine. If we would keep the light of our life bright, we must look upward toward the source of light; not downward toward the earth.

Behold the sudden witchery of frost, and snow, and waterfall; the fantastic play of moonlight, sunshine, and shadow; the wondrous and changing pictures on the ocean's bosom, on the sunset sky, and in a forest stirred by the autumn wind; the speed of nature's giant forces at work—the lightning, the tempest, the flood, the earthquake, the volcano, the avalanche! See what a moment means to nature; and, if this does not teach you to realize the value of time, stand silent by a shaded bedside and count the lingering heart-throbs of a friend.

CHAPTER XIX

Quotations Relating to Man

The wisdom of the wise, and the experience of ages, may be preserved by quotation.

Disraeli

To quote copiously and well, requires taste, judgment, and erudition, a feeling for the beautiful, an appreciation of the noble, and a sense of the profound.

Bovee

Ambition

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life.

Milton

Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.

Dryden

The remarks of Philosphers on the vanity of ambition refer generally to that unworthy form of which Alexander may be taken as the type—the idea of self-exaltation, not only without any reference to the happiness, but even regardless of the sufferings, of others. * * *

A surer and more glorious title to fame is that of those who are remembered for some act of justice or self-devotion; the self-sacrifice of Leonidas, the good faith of Regulus, are the glories of history.

Lubbock

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?

Abraham Cowley

Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Edward Young

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.

Thomas Dekker

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Longfellow

BEAUTY

For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Spenser

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Shakespeare

We understood
Her by her sight: her pure and eloquent blood

Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.

Dr. John Donne

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.

Byron

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Pope

The light of love, the purity of grace
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole
And oh! that eye was in itself a soul!

Byron

Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorned, adorned the most.

James Thomson

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

Edward Moore

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face.

* * * * * * *

A foot more light, a step more true,

Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew.
Scott

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Pope

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Shakespeare

Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.
Shakespeare

Beauty with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sov'reignty in rudest minds.
Waller

What's female beauty but an air divine
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine.
Young

We do love beauty at first sight; and we do cease to love it, if it is not accompanied by amiable qualities.
Lydia Maria Child

Beauty comes, we scarce know how, as an emanation from sources deeper than itself.
Shairp

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.
Keats

In beauty, faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
Gay

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

Emerson

Gratior ac pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

Virgil

Formosa facies muta commendatio est.

Beauty was lent to nature as the type
Of heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss.

S. J. Hale

Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay?

Longfellow

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Keats

Ubi mel, ibi apes.

Plautus

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

Longfellow

One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impair'd the nameless grace

Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Byron

He that loves a rosy cheek
  Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
  Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
  Kindle never-dying fires;—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

T. Carew

It is not Beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,

Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair:

* * * * *

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burthen'd honey-fly
That hides his murmurs in the rose.—

Anon.

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace;
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

* * * * *

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Nature herself her shape admires;

The Gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

T. Lodge

Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

'Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

'She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

'The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Now shall she fail to see

E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

'The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.'

Wordsworth

BLESSINGS

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

Congreve

What is remote and difficult of success we are apt to overrate; what is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.

Longfellow

Like birds, whose beauties languish half concealed,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded, shine with azure, green and gold;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight.

Young

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.

Armstrong

BLUSHES

Such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,

Like red poppies grown with corn.

Hood

Mantling on the maiden's cheek
Young roses kindled into thought.

Moore

The man that blushes, is not quite a brute.

Young

BOOKS

All round the room my silent servants wait–
My friends in every season bright and dim,
Angels and Seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and late.

Proctor

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

Lord Bacon

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

Lord Bacon

Books are embalmed minds.

Bovee

All that Mankind has done, thought, gained or been * * is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

Carlyle

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours.

Channing

Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

Wordsworth

Half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read.

Dawson

The man who is fond of books is usually a man of lofty thought and of elevated opinions.

Dawson

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and the happiest of the children of men.

Langford

In science, read by preference the newest works; in literature, the oldest.

Bulwer-Lytton

Reading is to the mind, what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed.

Addison

CARE

Care will kill a cat.

George Wither

CAUTION

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

Cowper

Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today.

Franklin

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

Franklin

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
And never tax'd for speech.

Shakespeare

CHARACTER

See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature.

Ruskin

A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form.

Emerson

To him who lives well every form of life is good.

Samuel Johnson

It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.

Horace Mann

That life is long that answers life's great end.

Edward Young

Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.

Shakespeare

Upright conduct is far more than all sacrifices, immolations, penances, prayers, confessions, ceremonials, creeds, or beliefs.

L. C. Loomis

Character is best where no hands but Nature's have been laid on it.

Emerson

Little children, let no man deceive you; he that doeth righteousness is righteous.

Paul

A good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit; neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. For a tree is known by its fruit.

Jesus

The noblest inheritance that can ever be left by a father to a son, far excelling that of all lands and houses, is the fame of his virtues and glorious deeds.

Cicero

It is far better to change our opinion than to persevere in an error.

Socrates

There is no veil over a star.

Marcus Aurelius

To all who think good thoughts, speak good w
and do good deeds, Heaven, the best world, belongs

Zoroaster

Does anyone do wrong? It is to himself that he
the wrong.

Marcus Aureliu

Know this of a truth, no evil can happen to a good
either in life or after death.

Socrate

I care not so much what I am in the opinion of o
as what I am in my own.

Montaign

Let your reason, not your senses, be the rule of
conduct; for reason will teach you to think wisel
speak prudently, and to behave yourself worthily
all occasions.

Confuciu

It is not a soul, it is not a body, we are trainin
it is a man.

Montaign

The greatest evils are from within us; and from
selves also we must look for our greatest good.

Jeremy Taylo

The fairest lives, in my opinion, are those which
larly accomodate themselves to the common and h
model, without miracle, without extravagance.

Montaign

Health is best for mortal man, next beauty; thirdly, well gotten wealth; fourthly, the pleasure of youth among friends.

Simonides

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Pope

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Philip James Bailey

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

Sir John Denham

To be good company for ourselves we must store our minds well; fill them with happy and pure thoughts, with pleasant memories of the past, and reasonable hopes for the future. We must, as far as may be, protect ourselves from self-reproach, from care, and from anxiety. We shall make our lives pure and happy, by resisting evil, by placing restraint upon our appetites, and perhaps even more by strengthening and developing our tendencies to good.

Lubbock

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.
Abraham Cowley

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man!
Shakespeare

Nature is loved by what is best in us.
Emerson

Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be, in general, virtuous, and you will be happy.
Benjamin Franklin

Self-culture begins in a deliberate and solemn resolution that we will make the most and best of the powers which God has given us.
William Ellery Channing

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Shakespeare

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
Dryden

True goodness is like the glowworm in this, that it shines most when no eyes, except those of heaven, are upon it.

J. C. and A. W. Hare

Good, the more
Communicated, the more abundant grows.

Milton

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Tennyson

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.

Burke

Every one is as God made him and oftentimes a great deal worse.

Cervantes

What the superior man seeks is in himself;
What the small man seeks is in others.

Confucius

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man.

Sarah J. Hale

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;

And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

Charles Kingsley

Better not be at all
Than not be noble.

Tennyson

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Pope

Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But every lady would be queen for life.

Pope

'Tis the same with common natures:
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

Hill

In this world a man must either be anvil or hammer.

Longfellow

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

Longfellow

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.

Milton

Large without small makes a bad wall.

To be unselfish in everything, especially in love and friendship, was my highest pleasure, my maxim, my discipline.

Goethe

Magnos homines virtute metimur non fortunâ.

Nepos

Nec census nec clarum nomen avorum,
Sed probitas magnos ingeniumque facit.

Ovid

Esse quam videri bonus malebat.

Sallust

Ampliat aetatis spatium sibi vir bonus: hoc est
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.

On ne cherche point à prouver la lumière.

Qui a bruit de se lever matin, peut dormir jusqu'a diner.

La parfaite valeur est de faire sans témoins ce qu'on serait capable de faire devant tout le monde.

For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.

* * * * *

A face with gladness overspread,

Soft smiles, by human kindness bred;
And seemliness complete.

Wordsworth

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

B. Jonson

CHEERFULNESS

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continued cheerfulness.

Montaigne

The two great ornaments of virtue, which show her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good nature.

Addison

Write it upon your heart that every day is the best day of all the year.

Emerson

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Shakespeare

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.
Dr. Walcott

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured.
Addison

Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom.
Bovee

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.
Goldsmith

Had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died;
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
Shakespeare

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.
Horace

Ille potens sui
Laetusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse vixi.
Horace.

Ride si sapis.
Martial

Carpe diem, quam minime credula postero.
Horace

Levius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere est nefas.
Horace

Leve fit quod bene fertur onus.
Ovid

COMPANIONS

Qui se couche aved les chiens, se leve avec des puces.

Mauvaise herbe croît toujours.

CONCENTRATION

Duos qui sequitur lepores, neutrum capit.

CONFIDENCE

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.
Boiste

Confidence is that feeling by which the mind embarks in great and honourable courses with a sure hope and trust in itself.
Cicero

Trust men, and they will be true to you; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great.
Emerson

CONSCIENCE

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
Milton

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' center and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts

Benighted walks under the midday sun.

Milton

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakespeare

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.

Edward Young

The mere sentiment or impulse of right, justice, mercy, love, or any other virtue, is not sufficient ground of assent or action. Every act must first have the unqualified approval of Reason. An act assented to against the judgment, is neither virtuous, permissible, nor excusable.

L. C. Loomis

Nature always gives better laws than we ourselves make.

Montaigne

Nothing is evil which is according to nature.

Marcus Aurelius

Nature is a gentle guide, but not more gentle than prudent and just.

Montaigne

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.

Addison

The man who, in sincerity and good faith, follows the Guide placed within him, is fully in the line of conduct intended by his Maker, and may safely trust with him his present and his future life, and all its interests.

L. C. Loomis

Reason is the sole criterion in each man for himself, of all that he may or may not do, that he ought or ought not to do, under any and all conditions or circumstances.

L. C. Loomis

Trust that man in nothing, who has not a conscience in everything.

Sterne

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called Conscience.

George Washington

Contention

Obstinacy and contention are qualities pertaining to, and best becoming, a mean soul.

Montaigne

We may be sure that whatever may be right about religion, to quarrel over it must be wrong.

Lubbock

Be not frightened nor provoked at opinions different from your own. Believe that it is possible to learn something from persons much below yourself.

Isaac Watts

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Pope

A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.

Dryden

Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed the more they still disjoin.

Sir Samuel Garth

Thou! Why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes.

Shakespeare

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat.

Shakespeare

Ex magno certamine magnas excitari ferme iras.

Livy

Per troppo dibatter la verità si perde.

Nimium altercando veritas amittitur.

Syrus

There are two classes of disputants most frequently to be met with among us. The first is of young students,

just entered the threshold of science, with a first view of its outlines, not yet filled up with the details and modifications which a further progress would bring to their knowledge. The other consists of the ill-tempered and rude men in society, who have taken up a passion for politics. * * * * From both of those classes of disputants, my dear Jefferson, keep aloof as you would from the infected subjects of yellow fever or pestilence. Consider yourself, when with them, as among the patients of Bedlam, needing medical more than moral counsel. * * * * Get by them, therefore, as you would by an angry bull; it is not for a man of sense to dispute the road with such an animal.

Thomas Jefferson

CONTENTMENT

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.

Cervantes

I am always content with that which happens.

Epictetus

Contentment is natural wealth.

Socrates

I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

Paul

Contentment consists not in great wealth, but in few wants.

Epictetus

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet.

Richard Monckton Milnes

God does not let us live anywhere or anyhow on earth without something of heaven near at hand.

Hawthorne

From labour health, from health contentment spring:
Contentment opes the source of every joy.

James Beattie

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.

Robert Greene

Yes! In the poor man's garden grow,
Far more than herbs and flowers,
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.

Mary Howitt

'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve.

Shakespeare

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

Spenser

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

Colonel Lovelace

The man who is not content with little is content with nothing.

Epictetus

COQUETRY

Coquetry whets the appetite; flirtation depraves it. Coquetry is the thorn that guards the rose—easily trimmed off when once plucked. Flirtation is like the slime on water-plants, making them hard to handle, and when caught only to be cherished in slimy waters.

Ik Marvel

COURTESY

Be kind and courteous even to those who offend.

Confucius

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

Pope

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

Emerson

Inest sua gratia parvis.

Pulcrum ornatum turpes mores pejus coeno collinunt,
Lepidi mores turpem ornatum facile factis comprobant.
Plautus

DECEIT

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.

Froude

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.

Scott

Hateful to me, as are the gates of hell,
Is he who, hiding one thing in his heart,
Utters another.

Bryant's Homer

DISCONTENT

We love in others what we lack ourselves, and would be everything but what we are.

Stoddard

Importunitas autem, et inhumanitas omni aetati molesta est.

Cicero

Ce qui fait qu'on n'est pas content de sa condition, c'est l'idée chimerique que l'on se forme du bonheur d'autrui.

DREAMS

Children of night, of indigestion bred.

Churchill

Ground not upon dreams, you know they are ever contrary.

Middleton

I believe it to be true that dreams are the true interpreters of our inclinations; but there is art required to sort and understand them.

Montaigne

DUTY

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Lincoln

True liberty does not consist in doing what we will, but in doing what we have a right to do.

Cousin

The man who has a determined resolution to do his duty in every instance, and who adheres steadily to his resolution is a perfect man.

Ried

God toward thee hath done his part, do thine.

Milton

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

Wordsworth

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.

Barton Booth

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue.

Dryden

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

Pope

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.

Addison

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Shakespeare

And all may do what has by man been done.

Edward Young

Be there a will, then wisdom finds a way.

George Crabbe

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

Henry Ward Beecher

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.

George Eliot

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke and found that life was Duty.

Ellen Sturgis Hooper

L'industrie des hommes s'épuise à briguer les charges; il ne leur en reste plus pour en remplir les devoirs.

EGOTISM

Homine imperito nunquam quidquid injustius,
Qui nisi quod ipse facit nihil rectum putat.

Terence

L'amour-propre est le plus grand de tous les flatteurs.

Le vrai moyen d'être trompé, c'est de se croire plus fin que les autres.

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.

Nous ne trouvons guère de gens de bon sens que ceux qui sont de notre avis.

ENVY

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below:
Though far above the sun of glory glow
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks and loudly blow
Contending tempests o'er his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

Byron

EYES

Where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Shakespeare

Blue eyes shimmer with angel glances,
Like spring violets over the lea.
Constance F. Woolson

Deep brown eyes running over with glee;
Blue eyes are pale, and gray eyes are sober;
Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me.
Constance F. Woolson

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful which, like the planets, have a steady, lambent light,—are luminous, but not sparkling.
Longfellow

True eyes
Too pure and too honest in aught to disguise
The sweet soul shining through them.
Owen Meredith

The world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Moore

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.
Shakespeare

From her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Shakespeare

Her eyes like marigolds, had sheath'd their light;
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Shakespeare

Face

All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Shakespeare

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Shakespeare

Her angels face
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in a shady place.

Spenser

A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!

Wordsworth

Faith

Quod sors feret, feremus aequo animo.

Terence

Et res non semper, spes mihi semper adest.

Ovid

Faults

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

Carlyle

Do you wish to find out a person's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings he is himself conscious of; but they will be their next-door neighbors. No man keeps such a jealous look-out as a rival.

J. C. and A. W. Hare

Les absents ont toujours tort.

FEAR

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Shakespeare

We are all apt, when we know not what may happen, to fear the worst. When we know the full extent of any danger, it is half over.

Lubbock

Foresight is very wise, but foresorrow is very foolish; and castles are at any rate better than dungeons, in the air.

Lubbock

Be just and fear not.

Shakespeare

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

Shakespeare

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Pope

Fear always springs from ignorance.
Emerson

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly loosens every power.
Thomson

Qui veut prendre un oiseau, qu'il ne l'effarouche.

Genius

Philosophy becomes poetry, and science imagination, in the enthusiasm of genius.
Disraeli

To think, and to feel, constitute the two grand divisions of men of genius—the men of reasoning and the men of imagination.
Disraeli

Goodness

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Shakespeare

Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, and unsocial. But I who have seen the nature of the good, that it is beautiful, and of the bad, that it is ugly, can be injured by none of them.
Marcus Aurelius

Do not think of your faults, still less of other's faults; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that—rejoice in it—and as you can, try to imitate it.

Ruskin

There is no man suddenly either excellently good, or extremely evil.

Sir Philip Sidney

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows.

Milton

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

Wordsworth

GRATITUDE

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.

Hosea Ballou

GREATNESS

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyages of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

Shakespeare

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

Benjamin Franklin

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

Edward Young

A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancy, with his garland and singing robes about him.

Milton

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.

Confucius

He that will be great among you, let him be your servant.

Jesus

The great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the serenity of solitude.

Emerson

It is the excellency of a great mind to ask nothing, to want nothing.

Seneca

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right using of strength.

Beecher

Nothing can be great which is not right.

Samuel Johnson

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Shakespeare

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.
Mencius

No really great man ever thought himself so.
Hazlitt

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.
Swift

High stations, tumults, but not bliss, create;
None think the great unhappy, but the great.
Young

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.
Emerson

Parva leves capiunt animas.

Habit

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
Shakespeare

Use can almost change the stamp of nature.
Shakespeare

Happiness

He who is virtuous is wise; and he who is wise is good; and he who is good is happy.
King Alfred

Let the philosophers say what they will, the main thing at which we all aim even in virtue itself, is pleasure.
Montaigne

True happiness is to be free from perturbation, to understand our duties toward God and man, to enjoy the present without anxious dependence on the future.

Seneca

It would be a great thing if people could be brought to realize that they can never add to the sum of their happiness by doing wrong. In the case of children, indeed, we recognize this; we perceive that a spoilt child is not a happy one; that it would have been far better for him to have been punished at first and thus saved from greater suffering in after life.

Lubbock

The wise man, ever serene and composed, is moved neither by pain or sorrow, by fear or desire. He is equally undisturbed by the malice of enemies, or the inconstancy of fortune. * * * * They alone can be pronounced happy whose minds are like the tranquil sea—alarmed by no fears, wasted by no griefs, inflamed by no lusts, enervated by no relaxing pleasures; and such serenity, virtue alone can produce.

Cicero

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.

Richard Crashaw

There is no happiness but in a virtuous and self-approving conduct.

Benjamin Franklin

Happiness depends little upon political institutions, and much on the temper and regulations of our minds.

Macaulay

The way to be happy is to live according to nature, in obedience to that universal and unalterable law with which every heart is originally impressed.

Samuel Johnson

As you know more of the created world, you will find that the true will of its Maker is, that its creatures should be happy.

Ruskin

A man is a man only as he makes life and nature happier to us.

Emerson

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

* * * * * * *

Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton

Virtue alone is happiness below.

Pope

Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.

Samuel Johnson

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call today his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.
Dryden

What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.
Campbell

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the fall!
William Cowper

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam,
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.
Nathaniel Cotton

One cannot be fully happy till after his sixtieth year.
Bonstetten

The greatest happiness comes from the greatest activity.
Bovee

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others,
And in their pleasure takes joy, even as though 'twere his own.
Goethe

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.

Goldsmith

It's not what we have, but what we hope to have, that makes us happy.

La cour ne rend pas content; mais elle empêche qu'on ne le soit ailleurs.

In animi securitate vitam beatam ponimus.

Cicero

No man can be happy without exercising the virtue of a cheerful industry or activity. No man can lay in his claim to happiness, I mean the happiness that shall last through the fair run of life, without chastity, without temperance, without sobriety, without economy, without self-command, and, consequently, without fortitude; and, let me add, without a liberal and forgiving spirit.

Good

If one is to be happy, he must be in sympathy with common things. He must live in harmony with his environment. One cannot be happy yonder or to-morrow: he is happy here and now, or never. Our stock of knowledge of common things should be great. Few of us can travel. We must know the things at home.

L. H. Bailey

Character of a Happy Life

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;

Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Or vice; Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to raise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir H. Wotton

HEALTH

Health is the vital principle of bliss.

Thomson

Honor

The noblest thing that is now said, or shall be said hereafter, is that what is profitable is honorable, and what is hurtful is base.

Plato

Honor is that unbought grace which adds a lustre to every action. * * * * In honor are centered all the virtues—wisdom, justice, fortitude, and temperance.

Cicero

Hope

No kind of life is so happy as that which is full of hope.

Addison

To hope the best, is pious, brave, and wise.

Edward Young

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?

Bryant

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.

Shakespeare

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

Milton

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
Campbell

Where there is no hope there can be no endeavour.
Samuel Johnson

Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
Scott

Hope will make thee young, for Hope and Youth
Are children of one mother, even Love.
Shelley

In animo perturbato, sicut in corpore, sanitas esse non potest.
Cicero

Morbi perniciores pluresque animi quam corpore.
Cicero

Calamitosus est animus futuri anxius.
Seneca

IDLENESS

There is no remedy for time misspent;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languour is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
Sir Aubrey de Vere

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; the used key is always bright.
Benjamin Franklin

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Shakespeare

Jealousy

Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

Shakespeare

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

James Thomson

Kindness

I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom.

Lincoln

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the light.

Lincoln

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities, that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Man, like flowers.

Wordsworth

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

Shakespeare

Ubicumque homo est, ibi beneficio locus est.
Seneca

Peraget tranquilla potestas
Quod violenta nequit; mandataque fortius urget
Imperia quies.
Claudianus

Re ipsâ reperi,
Facilitate nihil esse homini melius neque clementiâ.
Terence

Unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness,—that is, suffering in the bosom of others.
Bentham

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Shakespeare

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
Shakespeare

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
Oh, let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
Hannah More

KNOWLEDGE

As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Milton

The mind is the man. A man is but what he knoweth.

Lord Bacon

The sovereignty of man lieth in knowledge.

Lord Bacon

A man's nature runs either to herbs or to weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.

Lord Bacon

Integrity without knowledge, is weak and useless; and knowledge without integrity, is dangerous and dreadful.

Samuel Johnson

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

Samuel Butler

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.

Samuel Butler

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren.'

Lawrence Sterne

A little learning is a dangerous thing.
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

Pope

'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

Pope

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

Pope

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Cowper

A desire of knowlege is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowlege.

Samuel Johnson

An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn.

Shakespeare

Etiam oblivisci quod scis interdum expedit.

Syrus

LOVE

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Shakespeare

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.

Scott

For pity melts the mind to love.

Dryden

They sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.

Robert Southey

To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!

Coleridge

O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Tennyson

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.

Shakespeare

Ah, me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

Shakespeare

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Shakespeare

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

Christopher Marlowe

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Tennyson

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love, that run away.

Thomas Carew

And now abideth faith, hope, and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

Paul

Romantic love between men and women is of very modern origin, being only a few centuries old. It comes at first sight often, and again only after months or years of waiting. Marriage is the fitting end of such a love.

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind.

Scott

Love is the light and sunshine of life. We are so constituted that we cannot fully enjoy ourselves, or anything else, unless some one we love enjoys it with us. Even if we are alone, we store up our enjoyment in hope of sharing it hereafter with those we love.

Lubbock

At once it seems that something new or strange
Has passed upon the flowers, the trees, the ground;
Some slight but unintelligible change
On everything around.

Trench

Love leads up to heaven, and is both the way and the guide.

Milton

The divine resides with man in the faculty of being wise and of loving.

Swedenborg

Where there is love in the heart there are rainbows in the eyes which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues.

Beecher

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest.

Longfellow

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law; true source
Of human happiness.

Milton

They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

Thomas Fuller

With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change, all please alike,
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower
Glistening with dew, fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower
Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

Milton

Too late I stayed— forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours.
How noiseless falls the foot of time,
That only treads on flowers!

William Robert Spencer

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme.

Pope

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,

All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Coleridge

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Scott

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word.

Byron

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquility.

Thomas Moore

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

Tom Brown

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.
Lord Lyttleton

To see her is to love her,
And to love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither
Lady A. Lindsay

As the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affections.
Mrs. Jameson

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishéd?
Shakespeare

Ut ameris, amabilis esto.
Ovid

Moribus et formâ conciliandus amor.
Ovid

Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur.
Laberius

L'amour et la fumée
Ne peuvent se cacher.

On peut attirer les coeurs par les qualités qu'on montre, mais on ne les fixe que par celles qu'on a.

Ceux qui n'aiment pas ont rarement de grandes joies; ceux qui aiment ont souvent de grandes tristesses.

Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest
Love will find out the way.

Anon.

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir P. Sidney

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

Shelley

MARRIAGE

Counsel to Girls

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:

* * *

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;

* * *

Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

R. Herrick

Marie ton fils quand tu voudras, mais ta fille quand pourras.

Le pays du mariage a cela de particulier, que les étra ers ont envie de l'habiter, et les habitants naturels voi raient en être exilés.

Music

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

Shakespeare

Opportunity

There is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happiness, if then he seize it.

Beaumont and Fletcher

Once to every man and nation, come the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.

Lowell

It's not what happens, but what we make of what happens, that makes us lucky.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Shakespeare

Passions

Reason does not attempt to eradicate our passions and affections, only to keep them in due bounds, and reduce them into good order, and so direct them to a good end.

Plutarch

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay.
And o'er informed the tenement of clay.
Dryden

In Men, we various Ruling Passions find;
In Women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.
Pope

The ruling Passion, be it what it will,
The ruling Passion conquers Reason still.
Pope

Passions are likened best to floods and streams,
The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb.
Sir Walter Raleigh

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more!
Waller

Cupido dominandi cunctis affectibus flagrantior est.
Tacitus

Les passions sont les vents qui font aller notre vaisseau, et la raison est le pilote qui le conduit; le vaisseau n'irait point sans les vents, et se perdrait sans le pilote.

PATIENCE

I worked with patience which is almost power.
E. B. Browning

To bear is to conquer our fate.

Campbell

He that will have a cake out of the wheat
Must needs tarry the grinding.

Shakespeare

God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bears his mild yoke, they serve him best.
They also serve, who only stand and wait.

Milton

PERSEVERANCE

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

Herrick

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as—fail!

Bulwer-Lytton

PHILOSOPHY

All philosophy lies in two words, "sustain" and "abstain."

Epictetus

Man is greater than any system of thought.

Confucius

The world exists for the education of each man.

Emerson

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

Shakespeare

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Milton

PLEASURE

Pleasure admitted in undue degree
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.

Cowper

Sure as night follows day,
Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns.

Young

Sic praesentibus utaris voluptatibus ut futuris non noceas.

Seneca

Continuis voluptatibus vicina satietas.

Quintilian

Si ceux, qui sont enemis des divertissements honnêtes, avaient la direction du monde, ils voudraient ôter le printemps et la jeunesse—l'un de l'année et l'autre de la vie.

So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.

John Gay

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too often, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
Pope

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever.
George Crabbe

Praise

There are three kinds of praise: that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.
C. C. Colton

Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.
Pope

Good men will yield thee praise; then slight the rest;
'Tis best, praise-worthy, to have pleased the best.
Captain John Smith

Prejudice

He hears but half who hears one party only.
Aeschylus

The great obstacle to progress is prejudice.
Bovee

When the judgment's weak,
The prejudice is strong.

Kane O'Hara

PRIDE

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

Coleridge

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.

Ruskin

Unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, the pageant of a day;
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

Pope

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us, an' foolish notion.

Burns

PROCRASTINATION

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything.

Samuel Johnson

He who would be a great soul in future, must be a great soul now.

Emerson

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Edward Young

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer.
Edward Young

REPOSE

Quand on ne trouve pas son repos en soi-même, il est inutile de le chercher ailleurs.

The wise man permits nothing to disturb his equanimity.
Confucius

Tranquility is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind.
Marcus Aurelius

He walks with nature and her paths are peace.
Edward Young

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Shakespeare

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
Edward Young

REST

Da requiem; requietus ager bene credita reddit.
Ovid

REVENGE

Semper et minuti infirma est animi exiguique voluptas Ultio.
Juvenal

The best way of avenging thyself, is not to become like the wrong doer.

Marcus Aurelius

SELF-CONTROL

He that ruleth his own spirit is mightier than he who taketh a city.

Jesus

No man is great or powerful who is not master of himself.

Seneca

Ever keep the happy golden mean.

Pythagoras

One who has gained complete command over himself, gains this world and the next.

Vedas

Keep thy soul free, thy body pure, and thy reason upright, and thou shalt go to dwell with the gods.

Pythagoras

Virtue consists not in insensibility or total freedom from passion, but in well ordering and keeping them within measure.

Plutarch

If we do our best for a day, the next morning we shall rise to a higher life: while if we give way to our passions

and temptations, we take with equal certainty a step downwards towards a lower nature.

Lubbock

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.

Shakespeare

The most important duty, that which governs all others, is the duty of remaining master of one's self.

Cousin

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains!

Shakespeare

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Shakespeare

But to my mind—though I am native here,
And to the manner born—it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance.

Shakespeare

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

* * * * * *

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

Shakespeare

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.
Benjamin Franklin

The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;
The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he.
Francis Rabelais

Self conquest is the greatest of victories.
Plato

Plura crapula quam gladius.

Assez y a, si trop n'y a.

Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.

Potentissimus est qui se habet in potestate.
Seneca

Animum rege qui nisi paret imperat.
Horace

Quoniam id fieri quod vis non potest
Id velis quod possis.
Terence

Nam id arbitror
Adprime in vitâ esse utile ut nequid nimis.
Terence

Le bonheur de l'homme en cette vie ne consiste pas à être sans passions, il consiste à en être le maître.

SELF-RELIANCE

A l'aise on marche à pied qui mène son cheval par la bride.

Our danger is that we shall substitute the consciences of others for our own. All virtue lies in individual action, in inward energy, in self-determination. There is no moral worth in being swept away by a crowd, even towards the best of objects. Nothing morally great or good springs from imitation.

William Ellery Channing

God helps them that helps themselves.

Benjamin Franklin

The weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever.

Ruskin

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.

Emerson

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.

Emerson

The highest of all possessions is that of self-help.

Carlyle

Self-trust is the first secret of success. Rely on yourself.

Emerson

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can. Let him not enslave his conscience to others, but act

with the freedom, strength, and dignity of one whose highest law is in his own breast.

William Ellery Channing

Silence

Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Silence is deep as eternity; speech is shallow as time.

Carlyle

There are moments when silence, prolong'd and unbroken,
More expressive may be than all words ever spoken,
It is when the heart has an instinct of what
In the heart of another is passing.

Owen Meredith

Of every noble work the silent part is best,
Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed.

Story

Silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of discretion.

Bovee

Cave tibi cane muto, aqua silente.

Le silence est la vertu de ceux qui ne sont pas sages.

Altissima quaeque flumina minimo sono labuntur.

Quintus Curtius Rufus

Sic tacuisses, philosophus mansisses.

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together.

Carlyle

SIMPLICITY

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.

Emerson

The greatest truths are the simplest:
And so are the greatest men.

J. C. and A. W. Hare

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace.

Ben Jonson

Order is Heaven's first law.

Pope

SINCERITY

Certainly the ablest men that ever were, have had all an openness and frankness of dealing.

Lord Bacon

Truth loves open dealing.

Shakespeare

But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropped manna; and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.

Milton

Sleep

Sleep, thou repose of all things; Sleep, thou gentlest of the deities; thou peace of the mind, from which care flies; who dost soothe the hearts of men wearied with the toils of the day, and refittest them for labour.

Ovid

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace.
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Tennyson

Man's rich restorative! his balmy bath,
That supplies, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
When tired with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.

Young

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes.

Young

Smiles

Her smile was like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky.

Anna Katharine Green

A face that cannot smile, is never good.

Martial

Smiles from reason flow
To brutes deny'd, and are of love the food.

Milton

The most wasted of all days, is that on which one has not laughed.

Chamfort

After all, it is a good thing to laugh at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness.

Dryden

SPEECH

Good name, in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Shakespeare

Smooth water runs where the brook is deep.

Shakespeare

What is entrusted to my secrecy I religiously conceal, but I take as few such trusts as I can.

Montaigne

For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.

Thomas Hobbes

He draweth the thread of her verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.

Shakespeare

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing; more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them: and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Shakespeare

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
Oliver Goldsmith

On their own merits modest men are dumb.
George Colman

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and Bored.
Byron

At every word a reputation dies.
Pope

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
Earle of Roscommon

Who think too little, and who talk too much.
Dryden

O many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark, the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!
Scott

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.
Bacon

Let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak.

Bacon

Speak not at all, in any wise, till you have somewhat to speak; care not for the reward of your speaking, but simple and with undivided mind for the truth of your speaking.

Carlyle

Think all you speak; but speak not all you think:
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.

Delaune

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand, as to recall a word once spoken.

Menander

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Pope

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

Byron

Her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

Longfellow

A sweet voice, a little indistinct and muffled, which caresses and does not thrill; an utterance which glides on without emphasis, and lays stress only on what is deeply felt.

George Sand

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
Shakespeare

Many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing.
Shakespeare

One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
Shakespeare

Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
Shakespeare

She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite.
Swift

Il ne faut pas parler de corde dans la maison d'un pendu.

La moitié du monde prend plaisir à médire et l'autre moitié à croire les médisantes.

Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.
Ben Jonson

Whosoever lends a greedy ear to a slanderous report is either himself of a radically bad disposition, or a mere child in sense.
Menander

That thou art blamed, shall not be thy defect;
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;

* * *

So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater.

Shakespeare

Girls who say the least are the soonest married.

Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis.

Les jeunes gens disent ce qu'ils font, les vieillards ce qu'ils ont fait, et les sots ce qu'ils ont envie de faire.

Nescit vox missa reverti.

Horace

I should think your tongue had broken its chain!

Longfellow

Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?

Young

Les gens qui ont peu d' affaires sont de tres grands parleurs. Moins on pense, plus on parle.

Le plus lent à promettre est toujours le plus fidèle à tenir.

The Flatterer has not an Opinion good enough either of himself or others.

De La Bruyere

O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!
Shakespeare

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
Swift

Percunctatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est.
Horace

Satis eloquentiae, sapientiae parum.
Sallust

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it; it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.
George Eliot

Veritatis absolutus sermo ac semper est simplex.
Ammianus Marcellinus

Sermo animi est imago; qualis vir, talis et oratio est.
Syrus

SUCCESS

When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?
Keble

To climp steep hills
Requires slow pace at first.
Shakespeare

Frustra laborat qui omnibus placere studet.

Telle brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier.

Etiam illud adjungo, saepius ad laudem atque virtutem naturam sine doctrinâ, quam sine naturâ valuisse doctrinam.

Cicero

SUFFERING

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

Shakespeare

There are many troubles which you cannot cure by Bible and Hymn-book, but which you can cure by a good perspiration and a breath of fresh air.

Beecher

Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

de Vere

Human life everywhere, is a state in which much is to be endured.

Samuel Johnson

The smoothest course of nature, has its pains.

Edward Young

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

Longfellow

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

Lord Lyttleton

Suffering becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.

Aristotle

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths.

Bailey

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

Longfellow

Our petty worries are like babies; the more we nurse them the bigger they grow.

La philosophie triomphe aisément des maux passés et de maux à venir; mais les maux présents triomphent d'elle.

Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d' autrui.

Longissimus dies cito conditur.

Pliny the Younger

But the nearer the dawn, the darker the night,
And by going wrong all things come right;
Things have been mended that were worse,
And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.

Longfellow

SUSPICION

Il est plus honteux de se défier de ses amis que d'en être trompé.

Nam ut quisque est vir optimus, ita difficillime esse alios improbos suspicatur.

Cicero

Cuilibet in arte suâ credendum est.

SYMPATHY

Strengthen me by sympathizing with my strength, not my weakness.

Alcott

The best Society and Conversation is that, in which the Heart has a greater share than the head.

De La Bruyere

The secrets of life are not shown except to sympathy and likeness.

Emerson

Of all the paths lead to a woman's love
Pity's the straightest.

Beumont and Fletcher

TEARS

For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.

Campbell

My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders my needle and thread.

Hood

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times double gain of happiness.

Shakespeare

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears,
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.

Scott

THOUGHT

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil.

Oliver Goldsmith

The thoughts that come often unsought, and, as it were, drop into the mind, are commonly the most valuable of any we have, and therefore should be secured, because they seldom return again.

Locke

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

Shakespeare

Evil is wrought by want of Thought
As well as want of Heart!

Hood

Time

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

Benjamin Franklin

A wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realms of Tears,
With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime
As it blends with the ocean of Years.

Benjamin F. Taylor

Procrastination is the thief of time—
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

Young

Time wasted is existence, used is life.

Young

Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.

Young

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn!
Where is to-morrow?

Young

TRUTH

I desire to know the truth and to live as well as I can.

Plato

Truth is the beginning of all good; and self-love the greatest of all evils.

Plato

Above all learn to acquiesce in the truth as soon as discovered.

Montaigne

Follow the divinity which is implanted in thy own breast, saying nothing contrary to the truth, and doing nothing contrary to justice.

Marcus Aurelius

Truth needs no color; beauty, no pencil.

Shakespeare

Give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted.

Descartes

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.

Milton

Doctrine is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed.

Beecher

Truth scarce ever yet carried it by vote anywhere at its first appearance. But truth, like gold, is not the less so for being newly brought out of the mine.

Locke

The healthy eye does not turn more naturally to the light, than the honest mind turns toward the truth.

Parker

I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character.

Emerson

One should not dispute with a man who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies plain and visible truths.

Locke

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.

Lord Bacon

Oh! how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!

Shakespeare

One truth discovered is immortal, and entitles its author to be so: for, like a new substance in nature, it cannot be destroyed.

Hazlitt

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.
Herbert

The best way to come to truth being to examine things as really they are, and not to conclude they are, as we fancy of ourselves, or have been taught by others to imagine.

Locke

To love truth for truth's sake, is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other virtues.

Locke

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
Shakespeare

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Shakespeare

Truth is the work of God, falsehoods are the work of man.

Madame De Staël

I found that genius left to novices the gay and fantastic and ostentatious, and itself pierced directly to the simple and the true.

Emerson

UNSELFISHNESS

Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. This is the whole Law; the rest, merely Commentaries upon it.

Hillel

Love thy neighbor as thyself.

Confucius

Do naught to others which if done to thee would cause thee pain; this is the sum of duty.

Vedas

This is the sum of all true righteousness, 'Treat others as thou wouldst thyself be treated.'

Zoroaster

Do unto another what you would he should do unto you; and do not unto another what you would not like done to yourself. Thou needest only this law alone. It is the foundation and principle of all the rest.

Confucius

The vital principle which must be the basis of a true life, is forgetfulness of self in aspiration for the general good.

Greeley

Love thyself last.

Shakespeare

The greatest source of evil among men, is a selfish disregard of the rights of others.

L. C. Loomis

The truest self-respect, is to not to think of self.

Beecher

VANITY

Those who live on vanity must not unreasonably expect to die of mortification.

Mrs. Ellis

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair.

Lord Lyttleton

VARIETY

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Cowper

Variety's the source of joy below,
From which still fresh revolving pleasures flow;
In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
And only change the expiring flame renews.

Gay

VIRTUE

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

Shakespeare

Virtue is the mean between the vice of excess and the vice of deficiency; as courage is the mean between cowardice and rashness; temperance, between excess and abstinence.

Aristotle

Everywhere, in all cases, virtue secures happiness and vice produces misery.

Greeley

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.

Bacon

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue: the only lasting treasure, truth.

Cowper

The most virtuous of all men is he that contents himself with being virtuous without seeking to appear so.

Plato

The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize.

Pope

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man.

Thomas

Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder.

George Washington

L'hypocrisie est un hommage que le vice rend à la vertu.

Il y a des gens a qui la vertu sied presque aussi mal que le vice.

Wealth

The real truth I take to be that wealth is not necessarily an advantage, but that whether it is so or not depends on the use we make of it. The same, however,

might be said of most other opportunities and privileges; Knowledge and Strength, Beauty and Skill, may all be abused. * * * * * * It would, however, be easy to exaggerate the advantages of money. It is well worth having, and worth working for, but it does not require too great a sacrifice; not indeed so great as is often offered up to it.

Lubbock

From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In Heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

Gray

O, Beloved Pan, and all ye gods whose dwelling is in this place, grant me to be beautiful in soul, and all that I possess of outward things to be at peace with them within. Teach me to think wisdom the only riches, and give me so much wealth, and *only* so much as a good and holy man could manage or enjoy.

Socrates

If I can acquire money and also keep myself modest, and faithful, and magnanimous, point out the way, and I will acquire it.

Epictetus

Better is little with righteousness, than great revenues without right.

Jesus

Through tattered cloths small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all.

Shakespeare

It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not what he has.

Beecher

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

* * * * * * * * *

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.

* * * * * * * * *

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Shakespeare

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

Wordsworth

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexéd?
O punishment!

T. Dekker

Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia cuique.

Horace

Aurea rumpunt tecta quietum.

Seneca

L'argent est un bon serviteur et un méchant maître.

WISDOM

Nemo solus sapit.

Plautus

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.

Pliny the Elder

So well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do and say,
Seems wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best.

Milton

To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.

Milton

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness; her state is like that of things in the region above the moon, always clear and serene.

Montaigne

A wise man in the company of those who are ignorant has been compared by the sages to a beautiful girl in the company of blind men.

Saadi

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do, as well as to talk.

Seneca

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.

Young

WOMAN

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

Byron

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!

Byron

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn—
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

Pope

And mistress of herself, though china fall.

Pope

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you.

Thomas Otway

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

Pope

The woman that deliberates is lost.
Addison

But earthly happier is the rose distilled
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.
Shakespeare

O, let not woman's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks.
Shakespeare

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.
Edmund Waller

For contemplation he, and valor, formed,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.
Milton

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed and not unsought be won.
Milton

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.
Abraham Cowley

I have no other but a woman's reason
I think him so, because I think him so.

Shakespeare

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

Tennyson

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

Pope

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on 't.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Of what were man?—a world without a sun.

Campbell

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

Coleridge

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

Tennyson

But, O ye lords of ladies intellectual!
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?
Byron

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.
Sir Samuel Tuke

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Thomas Gray

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.
Edward Moore

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?
Oliver Goldsmith

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:
Wordsworth

O, woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade

By the light quivering aspen made:
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Scott

She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won.

Shakespeare

There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Shakespeare

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;

* * * * * *

'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd.

Shakespeare

Two women plac'd together makes cold weather.

Shakespeare

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.

Tennyson

And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify,
A woman, so she's good, what does it signify?

Byron

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

Byron

The world was sad,—the garden was a wild;
And Man, the hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smil'd.
Campbell

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd.
Crabbe

Maids must be wives, and mothers, to fulfil
Th' entire and holiest end of woman's being.
Francis Anne Kemble

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman.
Macaulay

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
Milton

If a young lady has that discretion and modesty, without which all knowledge is little worth, she will never make an ostentatious parade of it, because she will rather be intent on acquiring more, than on displaying what she has.
Hannah More

To chase the clouds of life's tempestuous hours,
To strew its short but weary way with flow'rs,
New hopes to raise, new feelings to impart,
And pour celestial balsam on the heart;

For this to man was lovely woman giv'n,
The last, best work, the noblest gift of Heav'n.
Thomas Love Peacock

A beautiful woman is a picture, which drives all beholders nobly mad.
Emerson

A sweet disorder in the dress
* * * * * *
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
* * * * * *
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.
R. Herrick

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
I would not marvel that they make men bond
By service long to purchase their good will;
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.
E. Vere, Earl of Oxford

A worthless woman! mere cold clay
As all false things are! but so fair,
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware;
I would not play her larcenous tricks
To have her looks!
E. B. Browning

And nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Burns

Sans les femmes les deux extrémités de la vie seraient sans secours, et le milieu sans plaisirs.

Les hommes sont la cause que les femmes ne s'aiment point.

La femme de bien n'a ni yeux ni oreilles.

Trista è quella casa dove le galline cantano e il gallo tace.

Varium et mutabile semper,
Foemina.

Virgil

Novi ingenium mulierum;
Nolunt ubi velis, ubi nolis cupiunt ultro.

Terence

Aut amat aut odit mulier, nihil est tertium.

Syrus

Multa sunt mulierum vitia, sed hoc e multis maximum,
Cum sibi nimis placent, nimisque operam dant ut placeant viris.

Plautus

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care
'Cause another's rosy are?

Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she be not so to me
What care I how fair she be?

* * * * * *

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

G. Wither

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet

Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

Wordsworth

WORK

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.

Carlyle

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness.

Carlyle

We are our own fates. Our own deeds
Are our doomsmen. Man's life was made
Not for men's creeds,
But men's actions.

Owen Meredith

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.

Shakespeare

They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds.

Shakespeare

Assiduus usus uni rei deditus et ingenium et artem saepe vincit.

Cicero

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.

Spurgeon

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Earl of Chesterfield

It is better to wear out than to rust out.

Bishop Horne

We enjoy ourselves only in our work, our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoyment.

Jacobi

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

T. Dekker

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Longfellow

The labour we delight in, physics pain.

Shakespeare

Le travail éloigne de nous trois grands maux: l'ennui, le vice, et le besoin.

Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus.

Horace

Méchant ouvrier, jamais ne trouvera bons outils.

Au regnard endormi rien ne chut en la gueule.

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed saepe cadendo.

Qui e nuce nucleum esse vult, nucem frangit.

A chemin battu il ne croit point d 'herbe.

Aide toi, le ciel t' aidera.

Sufre por saber, y trabaja por tener.

Spanish Proverb

Ne remettez pas à demain ce que vous pouvez faire aujourd 'hui.

No road to any good knowledge is wholly among the lilies and the grass. There is rough climbing to be done always.

Ruskin

The great work of mankind on earth is to live a manly life, to use, discipline, develop, and enjoy every limb of the body, every faculty of the spirit, each in its just proportion, all in their proper place.

Parker

The end of man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest.

Carlyle

What is the use of health or of life, if not to do some work therewith.

Carlyle

Genius without labor and study, will never make a man of knowledge and wisdom.

Isaac Watts

Every one is the son of his own works.

Cervantes

God gives all things to industry.

Benjamin Franklin

The idle man does not know what it is to rest. Hard work, moreover, tends not only to give us rest for the body, but, what is even more important, peace to the mind. If we have done our best to do, and to be, we can rest in peace.

Lubbock

YOUTH

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth.

Shakespeare

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.

Shakespeare

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!

Edward Young

The morning of life is like the dawn of day, full of purity, of imagery, and harmony.

Chateaubriand

It is with youth as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in the future.

Demophilus

Youth! Youth! how buoyant are thy hopes! they turn
Like marigolds toward the sunny side.

Jean Ingelow

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!

Longfellow

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Longfellow

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